National Anti-Slavery Standard.

SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, Editor. Without Concealment---Without Compromise. EDMUND QUINCY, JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, } Corresponding Editors.

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The Southern Press, South.

From the (Augusta Ga.) Chronicle and Sentinel.

For What Good.—"Our South Carolina neighbours seem determined to let the world know that there is such a State as South Carolina, and that she is ready to cast the gauntlet of defiance in the face of all Anti-Slaverydom Her Press is groaning under the weight of the proceedings of public meetings, held to respond to the "Southern Address," or in other words to renew their oath of fealty to John C. Calhoun, and pin their faith still tighter to him. Fiery speeches—so hot you can almost hear them seethe as you read them, and dire resolves are the order of the day.

"Now we have as little sympathy for the abolition fanatics, and we despise them as heartily, as any one in the world; but we must confess we see no use in such carrying on as our South Carolina friends are indulging in We have read the proceedings and resolves of several of these meetings, and still the question recurs to us,—what good do they do? Who doubts but that North Carolina is as jealous of her rights and honour, and as ready to maintain them, as South Carolina, or any other State! and yet she is calm—she is not wasting her ammunition by firing into the air. It is not he who makes the loudest protestations that is always the bravest, or the most ready in the moment of action—the noisy thunder is harmless, but the silent lightning does the execution. The motives which prompt a majority of the abolitionists to action are such that they feel gratified to perceive they are disturbing the peace of the South. Thousands of them have no doubt agitated with pleasure over these speeches and resolves, rejoicing at the idea that the Union is in danger"—*North Carolina Banner.*

The above extract breathes a spirit which should animate the bosom of every citizen who desires to perpetuate American institutions unimpaired. Let every reflecting man ask himself "*what good*" these meetings, this continual agitation of the public mind, are expected to or will accomplish in the preservation of the rights and property of the South? This is an important inquiry, and it behooves every patriot in the land to investigate it scrupulously, with a view to ascertain the objects of the movers, who seem to be particularly desirous to foment sectional dissentions among the American people. Our government was formed by the Fathers of the Republic in a spirit of concession and conciliation. No ultraism, no sectionalism swayed their councils, and ultraists and sectionalists were powerless for the accomplishment of evil. Mutual forbearance actuated those patriotic fathers, and directed their destiny, and such a spirit can alone perpetuate the institutions to which their genius and devoted love of liberty gave birth. What good, then, can agitation accomplish? Have we not seen that the Abolitionists of Massachusetts, who openly declare their purpose to be "*the immediate dissolution of the Union*"—have we not seen these men, approving and commending the course of Mr. Calhoun and his followers at the South in the constant agitation of the Slavery question? Have we not seen the abolition organ in New York copying the ultra disorganising doctrine of the Calhoun press of the South, and disseminating them among the Abolitionists of the North and East? What motive had these men for thus acting? What motive had the Anti-Slavery men of Massachusetts for thus cordially commending the course of the South Carolina Agitator? What object had the Abolition paper of New York for publishing the ultra, sectional appeals of the Southern presses which favour this agitation? Is it not apparent, that they regard the policy of Mr. Calhoun as favouring their purpose "to dissolve the Union," and therefore they hail him as a brother in this unholy crusade? Who doubts that they expect to and will increase the number of Abolitionists, by copying the ultra-sectional appeals of the Southern press, while they denounce the conservative men of all sections because they fear and believe that a conciliating course will render them powerless to dissolve the Union?

It is to the investigation of these facts that we desire to bring the attention of the people of the South, that they may properly estimate the motives of the agitators, and the consequences likely to result from their course.

Southern men should recollect that "Old Zack" is President—a Southern man by birth, education and feeling, and identified with the South and her institutions by the strong ties of interest—a man whose patriotism and integrity no man has ever dared to question, who is pledged to the American people to administer the government with special regard to the interests of the *whole* people, rebuking sectionalism and ultraism whenever and wherever they shall raise their disorganising clamours. Will Southern men confide their rights and interests to such a man, or rather will they unite with the Anti-Slavery men of Massachusetts, and by continued sectional agitation contribute their mite to the "*immediate dissolution of the Union?*" Men of the South, the President is yours, he is one of you—bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh, and a majority of his cabinet counsellors are from slave-holding States; men of sound, discreet judgments, and ardent and devoted patriotism, will you not rather rely upon such men for the protection of your rights, than a faction of sectional, disappointed politicians and demagogues, who seek to make political capital out of this grave question? "*What good*" then, we repeat, can agitation accomplish?

The President for the next four years is already in his seat, and Georgia has already elected her Congressional representatives for the next two years—will the people of Georgia and the South, by following in the wake of the South Carolina agitators and disorganisers, express in advance their distrust of a President for whom a majority of them voted? Are they ambitious of dividing the honours of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society with Mr. Calhoun? do they desire to have their conduct thus approved by those who proclaim their purpose to be "*the immediate dissolution of the Union?*" If so, they have but to agitate, agitate, agitate, and they will equally share the commendation of Massachusetts Abolitionists.

From the Baltimore American.

The Ultraist Coalition.—We have noticed more than once the extraordinary combination which unites the Nullifiers of the South and the Abolitionists of the North in a harmonious agreement upon the subject of disunion. "A continuance in the Union, as it is," say the Nullifiers, "will ruin us politically and pecuniarily, and corrupt us morally." The Abolitionists chime in with beautiful concord. "We confess," such is their language, "that we intend to trample under foot the Constitution of this country; we call upon you to do likewise."

It is kind in these gentlemen, having such formidable intentions, to give the country notice of their designs. We have no doubt but that they truly deplore the necessity they are under of trampling upon the Constitution, and would avoid such an unpleasant extremity if they could do so consistently with their sense of solemn obligations. The fly sitting upon the ox's horn was not more distressed at the idea of his being oppressive to the ox, apologising in the most polite manner for persisting in such a liberty, than are these friends of man, under the self-imposed persuasion that they are bound to dissever the Union and destroy the Constitution. A painful duty, especially to the tender-hearted!

But since the thing must be done, the sooner the agony is over the better. It is annoying, and to nervous persons extremely worrying, to live in the constant apprehension of a great catastrophe; as, for instance, to go to bed, night after night, not knowing but that they may wake up in the morning and find the Union broken and the Constitution trampled under foot.

Willing to know the worst, rather than continue in a state of deplorable uncertainty and alarm, we venture to suggest to the amiable philanthropists of the North and the inflammable fire-eaters of South Carolina, that agreeing as they do in their high and solemn purpose of destroying the Union, they should meet together in Convention, and fix upon some system of co-operative action, by which their great cause may be forwarded, and be put in the way of a successful consummation. We undertake at once to invite them to meet in the city of Baltimore—a central point, easy of access, and known to be a hospitable place. Mr. Calhoun and Mr. Garrison might fraternise here with loving sympathy, and to the great edification of surrounding spectators.—There are many convenient structures in our city where the Convention might hold its sittings; but in view of its great design, and with an eye to proper accommadations, we might mention the top of the Washington Monument as admirably adapted to the purpose proposed. The municipal authorities will probably have the city clean by the time the Convention meets, so that altogether, the delegates may expect to have a very good time.

From the [Savannah Ga.] Republican.

"Secession!"—Yes, that is the word employed by a writer in the Columbia *Telegraph*, who is attempting to show in a series of articles, that the South has "*much to gain*" by "*secession!*" This goodly fabric of our liberties, the handiwork of our Revolutionary sires, is to be torn down. Those old apostles of freedom on a new and mighty Continent, each of whom was an equal of Brutus, did not understand their mission; the Union, the offspring of their wisdom and patriotism, must be broken up; and the thirty States of the confederacy sent adrift upon the dark and tempestuous sea of civil war and bloodshed, finally to be wrecked upon unseen rocks and inhospitable shores, or captured and scuttled by the pirating enemies of human rights. New England, the birth-place of American liberty, is to be wrenched from the Union, to become first a prey and finally a colony of some European despotism. The gigantic West, hemmed in by her geographical position, must make war upon the South and the East for an outlet by the Mississippi and along the Northern lakes; and thus *invite* the fatal interposition of other nations, whose rulers would not fail to use the opportunity for their own aggrandisement. And the South, the "sunny South," the land of plenty and prosperity, though united for a time, would soon be distracted by a *servile* war, and invaded by an army of fanatical crusaders from the North and the rest of the world, far outnumbering the sands on the sea shore. In this "wreck of" Freedom and "crush of" States, each man would become a Cain and turn upon his brother. The land would be lightened up by the glare of burning houses, and "the night made hideous" with the screams of flying females and homeless children. The nation would present the appearance of a vast city on fire; while the destruction of our property, our rights, our lives, and all that was dear to man on earth, would form an appalling item among the ruins of the conflagration. Who desires to witness such a scene? Is there a man within the broad limits of this ocean-bound Confederacy, whose heart is in the right place, who does not in imagination turn from such a catastrophe with horror? The wretch who fired the Ephesian dome has won for his name a place among those which never die; but the traitor to the human race whose incendiary ambition can only be satisfied by applying the torch to the Temple of our liberties, erected as it was upon the bones and cemented with the blood of men whom two hemispheres unite in canonizing, will reap for himself an immortality of infamy which shall increase as long as the heavens endure!

But will this Union be destroyed? We think not, It is beyond the reach of the Northern fanatic and the Southern madman. The Mississippi is a mighty artery running through the body of the nation, which cannot be severed. Our mountains and rivers, Railroads and Telegraphs, are so many ligaments which like bands of iron, bind us indissolubly together. Though the hands of a Washington and Franklin, a Jefferson and Adams, a Hancock and Madison, be but clods of the valley, and their forms long since passed from the earth, "these dead but sceptered sovereigns still rule our spirits from their urns." God has made us what we are for wise and noble purposes; and we cannot believe that it is a part of his future dispensation that this Republic, the hope no less of the friends of Christianity than of the freedom of man, shall he dashed to pieces. We have a mission to perform, not of a blind "manifest destiny," but as a light set upon a hill for the nations of the earth; and when that is accomplished, the Union, with all other sublunary things, will be dissolved.

Correspondence of the Jefferson (Mo.) Inquirer

St. Louis, June 18, 1849.

The Abolitionists and Calhounites exhibit upon two points great harmony and concordance. Both are anxious to bring about a dissolution of the Union—both are incorrigibly given to lying misrepresentations of the *position* and *notives* of those who are opposed to the designs of both factions. The Abolitionists call all who are opposed to their acts and designs—*Slavery extensionists*, The Colhounites, on the other hand, call all who are opposed to their acts and designs—*Abolitionists*.

So according to those two factions, all who oppose both are, at the same time—*Abolitionists* and *Slavery extensionists!!!* Should not this simple fact alone open the eyes of the people and enable them to see at once the evident aim and design of these two dangerous factions.

How can a man be an Abolitionist who takes the ground of non-inteference on the part of Congress with Slavery—who regards the "Wilmot Proviso," as a mischeivous abstraction—who, in short, is opposed to any inteference with Slavery as it now exists—and this is the position of Colonel Benton. How can a man be an Abolitionist who is opposed to Abolition in all its forms? An Abolitionist means one who is in favour of *abolishing* something before he can become an Abolitionist.

On the other hand, how can a man be a Slavery extensionist, who is in favour of letting Slavery remain just as it is—without any inteference with the question in any manner whatever?

Thus it is that these two infamous factions—who are only sincere in their efforts to dissolve the Union—are endeavouring by gross misrepresentation, to prejudice the people against the true friends of our glorious Union, and of our Republican institutions.

But the Abolition and Calhoun factions place but little reliance upon the intelligence of the great mass of the people, if they suppose that vituperation, falsehood and abuse can have any permanent influence upon the people of this great nation.

The great speech of Colonel Benton has made a deep impression throughout the whole Union.—The speech has been published in nearly half the newspapers of the Union, and will do more than all else yet done to bring the minds of men to a sober, just and rational conclusion on the vexed question of Slavery.

The impression is becoming stronger every day, that Colonel Benton will be the next president of the United States. What then will become of the miserable Calhounites? They will find themselves discarded by the great mass of the people—"*without distinction of party,*" Piteous, indeed, will be their groans and lamentations. How earnestly they will declare their readiness to abjure Calhoun and his follies. But they will be answered as the Republicans answered the Royalists in France, when they begged for the preservation of royalty on any terms—*it is too late.*

Letters are daily received here by hundreds from good and true Democrats, from every part of Missouri, declaring their determination to stand by *Benton* and the *Union*.

The "Union" newspaper lately received twenty Democratic subscribers from *one* township in Howard county. The subscription to the "Union," has been rapidly increasing ever since it came out boldly for *Benton* and the *Union*,

As for St. Louis, it is all here like a jug handle—entirely on one side. I heard a man say, a few days ago—that he offered a reward of ten dollars to any one who would scare up ten anti-Benton men---but they could not be found---for "love or money," in St Louis.---VINDEX.

The Southern Press, North.

From the (Cleveland, O.) Herald.

The Meeting of Extremes.—The two factions, politically speaking, which are the most remote from one another and most bitterly repugnant to one another, says the Baltimore American, unite in a strange sort of coalescence upon one point—the dissolution of the Union. The Nullifiers of the South and the Abolitionists of the North, agreeing in nothing else, mutually hostile in everything else, are clamouring together in most discordant unison for secession—separation—the overthrow of the Constitution—the dismemberment of the Republic. Worthy allies, fit coadjutors in such a cause.

We quote from both quarters some expositions of the views and opinions illustrative of the two movements. The Columbia, (S. C.) *Telegraph* says:

"A continuance in the Union as it is, will ruin us politically and pecuniarily, and corrupt us morally. We cannot remain so intimately connected with any people, without partaking of their vices; or, in other words, we cannot 'touch filth without being defiled." In the event of secession, the South, profiting by the experience of the past, with a common interest binding them together with hooks of steel, with free trade with all the world, with her peculiar institutions undisturbed, may unite in a Southern Confederacy without convulsion, and pursue her manifest destiny, her onward march to greatness and glory, the admiration if not the envy of the world."

In accordance with such views as these, the people of South Carolina or a portion of them, are holding meetings preparatory to an organised resistance or a concerted secession in case the Wilmot Proviso should be adopted by Congress. Why they remained quiet when the Oregon Territorial Bill which contained the Proviso, was signed by Mr. Polk, we are not told. Nor are we told what they will do if it should so happen that the Proviso question in California and New Mexico were to settle itself without the intervention of Congress. In such an event, without some escape-pipe or safety-valve were provided, there might be a dangerous dispersion of wrath and patriotism. But let us hope for the best.

To that other tale, "told by an idiot," the reader may now turn. The Abolitionists have recently met in their Annual Convention in New York, among other resolutions offered by Edmund Quincy, the following were adopted:

[See Report of Annual Meeting.]

In support of these resolutions many speeches were made, some of them quite as eloquent as any of the recent specimens of South Carolina oratory. Indeed we are not sure but that Mr. Wendell Phillips is ahead of any of Mr. Calhoun's disciples in the way of bold fallacy and impassioned rhetoric—to say nothing of zeal in the cause of disunion. Mr. Phillips comes to the point without blinking it—thus:

"*We confess we intend to trample under foot the Constitution of this country; we call upon you to do likewise.*" &c. &c.

[See Phillip's Speech.]

Thus the two wings of Nullifiers and Abolitionists, moving away from one another on the circumference of a circle, have kept backing and backing until they have met on the other side. Upon the platform of disunion they can act in concert. In the elements of national chaos and anarchy they are able to find the materials of harmony with each other; and if the torch should be applied to the majestic temple of our Liberty and Union, the light of the conflagration would show to each his own smile of joy, reflected in the face of the other.

From the (Cincinnati) Daily Commercial.

An Abominable Bore.—We consider the newspapers of this Union—their numbers are few to be sure—which continually harp on the subject of negro rights and negro wrongs, a most abominably nasty nuisance, offensive in the highest degree to all persons of tastes above a negro, besides being founded on falsehood and nourished by deception through their whole career. Are there no slaves but negro slaves?—Are there no miseries but negro miseries? Are there no wrongs to redress but negro wrongs? One would suppose not, by reading the abominable and foolishly unjust publications, that are continually harping on the rights and wrongs of the African race in America, while the white slave is never mentioned, the poor white sufferer is never thought of, or his claims to sympathy or relief never mentioned. We venture the assertion, which if candidly considered, we think will not be denied by intelligent men, that the negro population of this Union, would have remained comparatively more happy than the whites, had it not been for the hypocritical cry of those papers professing friendship for them for gain, declaring daily that the negro is as good as the white man, and as such is entitled to a full equality under our government,—his progeny to seats by the sides of our white sons and daughters in school-houses, churches, and in the social circle. The thing is too absurd to be seriously considered. This is absolute dishonesty and deception. The poor African is made discontented and miserable; that is not all; he subscribes and pays for the very papers that serve to make him so! More than this is the studied neglect of those same papers, to sympathise with the white population.—Evils blacker than human Slavery, because more deadly to body, more destructive to soul, are left unnoticed, and the victims of these evils, because they are whites, are left to pine in misery, or die in want! The Slavery most fearful, most damning, is forgotten, viz.: the Slavery of the body and soul by the social evils that drive white men to prisons, families to ruin, cause hearts to burst, hands to murder, and at last drive thousands upon thousands to the poor-house, mad-house or jail, and at last to the grave, and perhaps to hell! Papers so false as those are bores; simply a nuisance. By their interminable clamour, they keep the country in motion, without any just hope of doing good. Mischief making is their study, and the best of weapons are in their constant employ to make it, which all know are sophistry and impudence, with their concomitants.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.

Extremes Meet.—When we publish such accounts as the following of the madness and folly of the South, on the question of Slavery and the Union, all in the North unite in the opinion that the conduct of the actors merit unmitigated censure; and none are louder in the expression of indignant feelings than are the Free Soilers and Liberty men, *par excellence*, of the North. The state of feeling is not the same when violent men in the North indulge themselves in folly and madness. The South then manifests unusual patriotism and attachment to the Union, and vehemently and malignantly denounce Northern actors against the Constitution as fanatics and traitors! A portion of the North, on the contrary—those who, Pharisee like, are constant and loud in proclaiming their exclusive right to be regarded as advocates of freedom—approve of the madness and folly of their Northern brethren. Another portion, differing in feeling but a shade from the last, look, with silent approbation or total indifference, on these assaults upon the Constitution. Another portion, and we hope a large portion, regard the preservation of the Constitution, and the continuance of the Union, as involving matters vastly more important to the whole people, than any questions connected with sectional feeling can be, and hold it a duty to sustain the Constitutition and the Union, against all assaults, all intemperate violence, whether it originates in the North or in the South.

We insert below samples of Southern and Northern ebulitions of sectional violence—of selfish, unpatriotic, party recklessness. Read and carefully reflect upon the extracts, and calmly compare the folly and madness of the Southern with the Northern hotspurs. We see but little difference between them. Both should meet with the unqualified reprobation of sober, discreet men, who love, and are determined to stand by the Constitution as it is—as it was formed.

Southern Madness.

The *Telegraph*, published at Columbia, the seat of Government of South Carolina, says:

"A continuance in the Union as it is, will ruin us politically and pecuniarily, and corrupt us morally. We cannot remain so intimately connected with any people, without partaking of their vices; or, in other words, 'we cannot touch filth without being defiled." In the event of secession, the South, profiting by the experience of the past, with a common interest binding them together with hooks of steel, with free trade with all the world, and her peculiar institutions undisturbed, may unite in a Southern Confederacy without convulsion, and pursue her manifest destiny, her onward march to greatness and glory, the admiration if not the envy of the world."

A paper in another section of South Carolina says:

"Were it not that we have suffered so long, and are still smarting under the accumulated and accumulating insults and injuries of New England, I could weep for the folly and madness of her people—the ruin they are working out for themselves. They, however, have sown the seeds of the tempest, and must reap the whirlwind. If true to ourselves, we are safe in any event, more particularly that of secession."

We might multiply these extracts, and select some much more violent, but these will suffice for the present.

Southern Madness.

The Anti-Slavery Society of the Union lately celebrated the Anniversary in the city of New York. The following, among other resolutions, were unanimously adopted:

[Vide Report of Annual Meeting.]

While the resolutions were under consideration, violent and most furious speeches were made by those favouring their adoption, intolerant speeches, extremely radical, giving utterance to thoughts nearly allied to treason, if not actually treasonable. We annex a few extracts from the speech of Wendell Phillips of Boston, an honoured leader of the Liberty men and Free Soilers, as we are informed. Read what he says, and judge how far a good citizen can go in sustaining men who proclaim to the world that such destructive principles are the principles by which they are guided in their party organization and action. Mr. Wendell Phillips said:

[Vide Phillips's speech.]

From the Ohio Union.

"Our Coloured Fellow-Citizens."—The "black laws" having been repealed, and standing, as we do, upon the threshhold of a most extraordinary social and political millenium, it is to be hoped that our Ethiopian brethren will not hereafter be subjected to such *outre* disignations as "blacks" and "niggers," but that henceforth they will be addressed as "our coloured fellow-citizens," or, "our coloured brethren." Why not? They certainly are entitled to this much by the special grace of the General Assembly. The impulses and temper of the times demand an amendment in our manners. It hath been voted, by our wise law-makers, that Ohio shall henceforth be the place "where the good niggers go." In Old Virginia and Kentucky, our very recently circumcised and consecrated brethren will one of these days throw down "de shovel and de hoe," and a general stampede will be directed towards Ohio. We must stultify our olfactories, and prepare for the grand fraternization—for the glorious commingling of "black spirits and white." Farewell, *niggers*—a long, a last farewell,—and, to conclude, we propose three cheers for our coloured fellow-citizens.

From The [Ithaca N. Y.] Chronicle.

Extremes Meet.—The extreme of pro-Slavery, we believe, is in South Carolina, and the extreme of Anti-Slavery in Massachusetts. On one point they entirely agree. The Lloyd Garrisons and Wendell Phillipses of the olld Bay State, and the Calhouns and Quattlebums of Palmettodom, are all in favour of a dissolution of the Union. In South Carolina a Convention has been held to determine what shall be done in case Congress *should* pass the Wilmot Proviso, the result of which was a resolution to call together the State Legislature, and formally secede from the National Confederecy. The Massachusetts madcaps take the occasion of an Anti-Slavery Anniversary to proclaim their intention to trample under foot the Constitution of the country. Still, we think, with the valuable assistance of our neighbour, the Flag, the Union will last some time yet.

From the (Springfield) Republican and Gazette.

Our Poor Union.—We sometimes become impatient with the spirit of disunion, manifested by fanatics and demagogues. The *Columbus (S. C.) Telegraph* declares that the South cannot remain in the Union as the Union is, without being ruined politically and pecuniarly. With a moral turn quite new for his immediate region, the editor avers that it is impossible for them to remain so intimately connected with the North, without becoming contaminated with its vices. To use his own language, "we cannot touch filth without being defiled." Another editor, in another section of that spunky State, says that he could weep for the folly and madness of the people of New England. To quote his slight variation of the Sacred Text, "they have sown the seeds of the tempest and must reap the whirwind." He also advocates secession. Senator Houston, in a recent speech in Louisiana, threatens all sorts of calamities in the event of the passage of the Wilmot Proviso.

At the North, we have men of the same mould and men who advocate the same ends. At the late meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society, a resolution was passed embodying the following motto: "No union with Slaveholders either religiously or politically."

Thus we have it. We might pass these ultra fools by unnoticed, or notice them only with a sneer of derision, but the truth is, they are sowing seeds of death, and bringing our name into dishonour among the nations of the world. We do not feel at liberty to pass them by, without bestowing upon them our hearty condemnation. We must curse the hand that would pluck one star from our glorious constellation, and point out the traitor hearts that meditate evil thus to their own country and kind.

By Whom the Work is to be done—Douglass—Henry Clay.—The *Liberator* makes the following extracts from an article in the *Christian Examiner*, for July, entitled 'Narrative of Fugitive Slaves,' by the Rev. Ephraim Peabody, D. D., of Boston:

—There is nowhere a more settled and bitter detestation of Slavery than is sometimes met with at the South. And, strange as it may seem, so entangled in the whole subject, so complicated are the relations and powers of the several States and of the Union, that, though the slave may find the most sympathy personally at the North, our main hope of the abolition of Slavery as an institution depends on the efforts of the enemies of Slavery at the South. * * If the question, By whom is the work to be done? is answered more particularly, it becomes obvious that the burden and heat of the day is not to be borne by 'gentlemen at ease,' who make speeches in Faneuil Hall or the Tabernacle, nor by the members of our Anti-Slavery Societies, nor by any persons at the North. They may contribute more or less of aid, but the work is to be done, the sacrifices to be made, the battle to be fought, by those whose homes are in the slave States. If Slavery is to be removed, it must be, at the final stage, though legislative action in those States can have only a slight and indirect influence. * * * The great mass of whites and blacks are alike *unprepared for freedom*, have both grown up under the influences of slave institutions, and there is not any method of making such fundamental changes in the very constitution of society which does not involve perils and immediate evils from which a thinking man may not reasonably recoil. * * * How, then, are we to regard the friends of freedom at the South? For ourselves, we look on them with the profoundest interest and sympathy. They compose the only class of Anti-Slavery men, whose existence is absolutely vital and essential to freedom. *Freedom can dispense with the efforts of others*, but not with theirs. * * * On the other hand, those in the slave States who are desirous of the abolition of Slavery are not helped by Northern abuse. All loose, undiscriminating denunciations, all that rhetorical reviling which endeavours to make a bad and restless temper pass for righteous indignation, all those careless judgments which show either ignorance or disregard of facts, interfere with their efforts. They have to defend themselves alike against the ignorance and misjudgment of the North and South. And such is the natural weakness of man, that many draw from these misjudgments an excuse for doing nothing. When they find that they are classed among man-stealers and murderers, and that the least sympathy and the bitterest denunciations come from those who profess to be the friends of the slave, but on whom none of the sacrifices of freeborn are to fall, they recoil from any seeming companionship with them, and easily acquire a distaste for a cause which subjects them to such undeserved abuse. * * * It becomes the North, at all times and at all hazards, to be faithful to freedom; but in doing this, it should remember the real position of the South. There is needed, in this great work, not only zeal and firmness, but information, justice, kindness, truth; and, so far as the North is concerned, what is most to be dreaded will come from haste, intolerance, self-conceit, political ambition, and a philanthropy which goes far enough to be indignant, but which *will not take the trouble to be just.* * * * One of the questionable things,—whether it has or has not compensating advantages we do not pretend to say,—about the Free Soil party, as a party, is, we fear, its tendency to cripple the friends of freedom in the slave States. We have no doubt that Southern emancipationists are aided and strengthened by all discussions at the North which show the evil of extending Slavery over soil now free. There are multitudes at the South, who are ready to respond to all arguments for keeping those territories free, which, as yet, are not cursed by the presence of Slavery. But an organised Northern party, which, as such, bands itself against the South,—and especially if it become a mere political party managed by, and for the benefit of, political leaders, who have given in their past lives no social pledges of regard for freedom,—must have a very different result. It arrays section against section, the North against the South, and the Southern man who is opposed to Slavery feels compelled, by all those social instincts which are more powerful than our reasonings, to unite with his neighbours against what seems to them all the organized aggressions of strangers.

Of the narratives at the head of this article, the first four possess no especial interest beyond what must belong to the life of almost every fugitive slave. They are records of degradation on the part of both blacks and whites,—of suffering and wrong and moral corruption. They give, doubtless, a just idea of what Slavery is to the slave. But, on the other hand, while we have no reason to question the truth of particular facts respecting individuals, we have no doubt that *they convey an erroneous idea of the general character of the masters.* The best qualities of the master are likely to appear anywhere rather than in his connection with the slave. And except it be an easy kindness, the slave is in no position to estimate aright the virtues of one who, towards himself, appears simply as a power whom he cannot resist. They stand in such utterly false relations to each other, that their whole intercourse must necessarily be vitiated, and the worst qualities of each, and these almost exclusively, must be perpetually forced on the attention of the other. But human society could not long exist were the great body of slaveholders like those whom these narratives describe.

The Narrative of Douglass contains the life of a superior man. * * * But while our sympathies go strongly with him, and because they go with him, we are disposed to make a criticism on a mode of address in which he sometimes indulges himself, which we believe is likely to diminish, not only his usefulness, but his real influence. We would not detract from his merits, and we can easily excuse in him severity of judgment and a one-sidedness of view which might be inexcusable in another. We can hardly condemn one who has been a slave for seeing only the evils of Slavery, and for thinking highly of the ability of those who have escaped from it; but we have wished, when we have heard him speak, or read what he has written, that he might wholly avoid a fault from which a natural magnanimity does something towards saving him, but to which he is nevertheless exposed. His associates at the North have been among those who are apt to mistake *violence and extravagance of expression* and denunciation for eloquence;—men who, whatever their virtues otherwise, are not in the habit of using discrimination in their judgments of men or of measures which they do not approve. To him, they have doubtless been true and faithful friends, and he naturally adopts their style of speech. But it is a mistaken one, if the speaker wishes to sway the judgment of his hearers, and to accomplish any practical end. No matter what the vehemence of tone or expression, whenever a speaker indulges himself in violent and unqualified statements, and in sweeping denunciations, he not only makes it apparent that he is deficient in a sound and fair judgment, but what is worse, he creates in his hearers a secrect distrust of his real earnestness,—a vague feeling that, after all, he is thinking more of his speech than of the end for which he professes to make it. When men are profoundly in earnest, they are not apt to be extravagant. The more earnest, the more rigidly true. A merchant, in discussing the politics of the day, about which he knows or cares little, freely indulges in loose, extravagant, and violent declarations. But follow him to his counting-room; let him be making inquiries or giving directions about some enterprise which he really has deeply at heart, and the extravagance is gone. Nothing will answer here but truth, and the exact truth. His earnestness makes him calm. It is seen in the moderated accuracy, as well as in the decision and strength, of his statements. Extravagance and passion and rhetorical flourishes might do, when nothing which he greatly valued was at stake; but here is something too serious for trifling. Just so it is in other cases. A flippant, extravagant speaker, especially if he be gifted with the power of sarcasm, will probably be listened to and applauded, but nothing comes of it. They who applaud the most, understand very well that this is not the kind of person whose judgment is to be relied on as a guide in action. His words are listened to with much the same sort of interest that is given to the personated passion of the theatre. A few sober words from a calm, wise, discriminating mind are, after all, the ones which are followed. Nothing is less effective, for any practical end, than the 'withering and scorching' eloquence with which American speeches seem so to abound. It conciliates no opponent, and though it may light up the momentary passions, it gives no new strength of conviction to the friends of the cause. It is the last kind of eloquence to be cultivated by those who are heartily in earnest in their desire to promote any great reform. * * * While upon this topic, we will take advantage of the opportunity to express our regret that there are so many who consider Mr. Clay a fitting subject of abuse. We have no doubt that their denunciations of this eminent statesman are very sincere, but it is a mournful fact that they can be sincere. In most cases, it is hardly possible to retain confidence in the good faith of those who profess to desire the abolition of Slavery, and who yet attack Mr. Clay with unmeasured virulence, because of his recent letter on emancipation. * * * While we should be utterly opposed to his particular scheme of emancipation, we cannot fail to see that Mr. Clay has nobly identified himself with the great interests of humanity. At this moment, *he is doing incomparably more for freedom than any living man*—and we believe *more than all the Anti-Slavery men of the North united.* The appetite for calumny and denunciation must be ravenous and insatiate, which can lead those who profess to wish well to the cause of freedom to attack Mr. Clay.

From the New York Herald.

The Excitement on the Slavery Question—Danger to the Union.—The whole country is getting crazy on the subject of Slavery. In the North, in the South, in the East, in the West, among all parties and all factions, this excitement seems to be increasing every day, and spreading in every direction. Unprincipled, ambitious men, of all parties, and in every section, have seized on this question, and are endeavouring to make it a hobby, on which to ride into local power or local consequence. All are alike. The great men of the great factions, such as Clay and Van Buren, now present the spectacle of imitating the conduct of Garrison, Abby Folsom, and the enthusiasts of New-England, who have been laughed at for the last quarter of a century. Mr. Calhoun, and a portion of the South, have came out, and are endeavouring to stem this terrible torrent; but what can a portion of the United States do; in the face of the rage of the day, the unprincipled ambition of politicians, the passions of the human heart, and the natural growth of fanaticism, in an age that craves for excitement of any kind—from liberating the blacks, to digging gold in California?

What is to be the issue of the present position and tendency of all the parties and factions in this Union? Some fatal and deplorable collision must take place; some terrible explosion is being engendered, that will entail disgrace on civilization, and probably bring about the dissolution of this fair Confederacy.

The great cry is the liberation of the African race from the state of bondage in which they are held in the South, the restriction of the same system of servitude to where it is, and the non-extension of it to any of the new territories towards the West. What is the condition of the African race in this country, and why is it that the whole white population of this republic are running into terrible and formidable excitement in relation to this isolated question concerning a particular race living within their borders?

The African race was first introduced into this continent more than a century ago, on its discovery by Europe. The history of the Slave Trade which was carried on principally by the Eastern States, is well known to all who have investigated the matter. Since that time, the African race, and their social and political position, have diverged into four different systems, presenting different characteristics and having different results, both on their own condition, and on that of the white race by whom they are surrounded.

The first or original system or condition in which we find the African race on this continent, is that of slaves purchased on the coast of Africa, brought to this country, applied to labour, and kept under a sort of military subjection, without regard to life or comfort. This system still prevails in Cuba and Brazil, and it may be truly called a system of military Slavery, or of military tyranny, for they enjoy but little comfort under its rigid sway. To supply the deaths occasioned by this system of Slavery, the Slave Trade still exists, in a clandestine manner to be sure, although both Brazil and Spain agreed, by treaty, to abolish that infamous traffic.

The second system of social servitude in which we find the African race on this continent, is that which we see in the Southern States of this Union. It is true, the race was planted in the South by purchase and importation from Africa—those importations and purchases being made by the ancestors of the very same people who, in the Eastern and Northern States, are railing against Slavery, and exciting the whole country on the question; but the revolution, and the separation of the United States from British ascendancy, introduced a great change in the condition of the coloured race in the South, and since that time they have increased and multiplied in a great degree, under what may be called a patriarchal system, in which their comforts and advantages are identified with the soil, as much as those of the white race themselves, or the nominal proprietors. According to the statements of all unprejudiced persons who have travelled extensively among the plantations of the South, it is admitted that a more comfortable or happier race does not exist in any portion of the world, among a labouring population of that colour, than will be found in the Southern States. There are, indeed, several exceptions; but exceptions will occur in the best orders of society, and among the best and most intelligent people.

The next condition in which we find the coloured or African race on this continent, is that which we see in the free States of this Union, or in the British West Indies, since the Emancipation Act was passed by the British Government. Now, what is the condition of the African race under this system of freedom, or personal liberty, which is found there? It is well known that the coloured population, who live in scattered families in the Free States, are a degraded race, and although they may be nominally free, and may nominally possess political rights, yet such is the condition of society, that those rights are never exercised, and under no circumstances can the African race sit side by side and mingle socially with the Anglo-Saxon race, here or elsewhere. The negroes of the North are in a worse condition morally, physically, personally, and socially, from their birth to the day of their death, than the same class ever can be in the condition in which they exist in the South. In the British West India Islands the negro race have received the same franchises which the different States of the North have conferred on them here. Well, has emancipation benefitted either the West India islands, or the persons whom it was intended to advance? By no means. Every arrival from Jamaica or the other islands only brings fresh accounts of the badness of the system, the decadence of industry, the growth of pauperism, the increased misery of the coloured people, the prostration of commerce, and the degradation of society there.

The next system or condition in which we find the blacks, is that presented by the history of Hayti or San Domingo. There the African race, originally slaves, were liberated, became independent, enjoy all rights, political, personal, and otherwise, which the white people of this continent or any other place can enjoy, and what do they present? Nothing but continuous revolution, outbreaks, insurrections, massacres, blood, degradation, barbarity, and the rapid decay of every moral and physical element of civilization. This is the natural result of conferring on a particular race, without education and without the aptitude to be educated, all the rights and immunities which can be rightly understood only by the Anglo-Saxon race, or carried into execution only by those in possession of education and refinement in the highest degree.

Among all those different systems or conditions in which the African race exist on this continent, the most happy, moral, religious, and industrious, in every point of view, is that which exists in the Southern States. Under that condition of society, the African race of the South has increased numerously, and their comforts have increased with them, during the last fifty years, or since the abolition of the Slave Trade. The tendencies and purposes of the abolitionists of the North, with all the accession of strength which Free Soil politicians—such as Mr. Clay, Mr. Van Buren, and others—may give them, is, first to abolish Slavery, in the territories and prevent its extension there, and, when that shall have been secured, the natural tendency will be, to sweep the same system from the South, liberate the slaves in that region of the country, and reduce them to the same condition in which they exist in the British West Indies, or that in which we see them in San Domingo. In either contingency, the result will be equally injurious and lamentable to the Southern States, as well as to the condition of the very race whom it is proposed to advance. Yet the fanaticism created by the abolition politicians may prevail against established facts, that have been tested by time. It is very evident that nothing now can stop the impulse of the popular mind in the North, and that Mr. Calhoun and his friends in the South, may issue as many addresses as they please, and organise as many committees as they can number, but that nothing but some terrible stand, at once, can stop the flood of fanaticism which has been let loose at the North by all parties, in favour of the ultimate abolition of Slavery in the South, under the sanction, as they allege, of the name and principles of Thomas Jefferson and the Declaration of Independence. The organisation of all parties is broken up; men's minds are becoming unhinged, and the practical condition of the coloured population of the North, or that in the West Indies, or that of the same race in San Domingo, or that of the portion of them which we find under military dominion in Cuba, would seem to present no points of strength or influence, in the way of resisting this excitement from raging in all parts of the country. Nothing but some terrible stand, some frightful position, or some violent outbreak of some kind, can restore order or peace to the public mind, the same as

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment---Without Compromise.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 2, 1849.

Mr. Calhoun.

It is a satisfaction now and then to see a Man in these United States. Even a bad man is better than none at all. It is encouraging, for it looks as if there were a possibility of the American race regaining its stamina and recovering something of the rough strength of character which it had sixty or seventy years ago. It is a comfort, too, to meet with an actual, tangible Idea, however wicked it may be, occasionally. An Idea that stands up by itself, in its own natural proportions, instead of being razeed down to the regulation dimensions. Even the sight of Satan, himself, would be a welcome refreshment in the Limbo of Vanity, or Paradise of Fools, among

"—— the unaccomplished works of Nature's hand.
Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixed."

And even the Idea of the Absolute Excellence of Slavery though it may be much worse, is much less disgusting than the abortive monstrosities which try to unite theoretical abhorrence of Slavery with a daily practical support of it.

It is for this reason that we like to see Mr. Calhoun stand up before the Nation, and boldly give utterance to the Idea with which he is possessed. He is not absolutely admirable, it must be admitted, and his doctrine is the very Abomination of Desolation; but one cannot help feeling a sort of respect for a man who takes no counsel of expediency, even in the worst of causes and who has a settled, distinct, definite purpose, however abominable, to which he bends all his powers and every circumstance he can control. As was said of Lafayette, when he set out on his mad-cap expedition to America, whatever we may think of his prudence, we cannot help admiring his spirit. He holds slaves and he defends it. He maintains Slavery to be the natural condition of the coloured race, beneficent towards them, and essential to a well ordered Commonwealth, and, of course, he promotes it. The right of the Anglo-Saxon to make free with the African he regards as founded in Nature and guaranteed by the People of the United States. Therefore he resists any attempt to confine the exercise of this natural and social privilege within any specific territorial limits. Wherever a free and enlightened American may incline to go, thither he may be followed by a Negro, as the shade pursues the substance. And he is proportionly indignant at those Peter Schlemipls who would not only strip off their own shadows, but lay sacrilegious hands on the shadows of their neighbours, too.

It is a characteristic of the American People, which has been fostered by their institutions, that they prefer half an idea to a whole one. They not merely think that half a loaf is better than no bread, but that it is better than a whole one. Therefore Calhoun and his party at the South, and Garrison and his friends at the North, are equally rejected by the men of their generation. Both go too thoroughly to the root of the matter for those who hate to look beyond the tips of the branches. Each are for whole measures and necessarily make uncomfortable those who live in half ones. They are equally bold and uncompromising in their opinions, their language and their policy, and they unavoidably shock the timid and the timeserving, those, on the one hand, who are content with their practical enjoyment of their slaves under the Constitution, and these, on the other, who feel more the scandal than the sin of Slavery, and who ask only to be permitted "to live in decencies forever." To this class, South and North, such politicians as Clay and Benton are perfect Godsends. They serve as

"Feather bed 'twixt castle wall
And heavy brunt of cannon-ball"

They furnish a *tertium quid*, a middle quantity equally removed from the two extremes of the National problem. They take an Idea and split it in two and triumphantly hold up the moiety as a proof of the truth of the philosophic paradox of old time, that the half is more than the whole. Anything that shifts responsibility, that defers action, that puts farther off the evil day of doing something, is a welcome boon. Clay's adjournment of the question to the Greek Kalends, or the next day after never, as the children say, and Benton's movement to restrict Slavery within its existing boundaries, carefully holding on to his own slaves and letting his neighbours' slaves alone in the most resolute manner, both meet a want in the American market.

There is a fine view of contempt pervading Mr. Calhoun's last Address to the People of the South, towards Mr. Benton, which comes from him with a good grace. Whatever else he may be, Mr. Calhoun is consistent. He does not reprobate Slavery, and cleave to it at the same time. He does not think that what is good in South Carolina will become bad by being transported to California. Through life he has been faithful to the Peculiar Institution. Nobody could ever mistake his position. There was never a question made about that. He has never blown hot and cold upon the mess of pottage which he prizes as his birth-right. He has a complete and perfect Idea for his guide. Mr. Benton has but a very imperfect fraction of one for his. Slavery is an Absolute Good, says Mr. Calhoun, and is, therefore, to be cherished and propagated. Slavery is in itself an Evil, virtually says Mr. Benton, and therefore should not be permitted to curse a country which is now free from it. Why not endeavour to remove it from your own State, which already suffers from its blighting influences, is the natural and inevitable question which arises? Why retain your property in your own chattels, if such be the nature and effects of man ownership? If Slavery be bad as an article of exportation, it cannot be better as an article of home consumption. If an embargo should be laid for the protection of California from Slavery, surely an effort should be made for the deliverance of Missouri from it. If rum and brandy be ill-assorted with missionaries in a cargo to Heathen lands, they certainly call loudly for extermination in our own. Admit Mr. Calhoun's premises, and his conclusions will bear the test of the severest logic. Mr. Benton's conculsions, on the other hand, trip up the heels of his premises. Or rather, he has, logically nor morally, neither premises nor conclusions to his reasoning. It is a chain loose at both ends and can serve neither as moorings for Slavery nor for Liberty.

In fact, there are but two Ideas in the United States. The one is Slavery and the other is Anti-Slavery. All others are but the *disjecta membra*, the scattered limbs, of massacred Ideas. Tariff and Anti-tariff, Free Trade and Protection, Bank and Sub-treasury, yea, even Free Soil itself, rest upon no great principle, appeal to no Eternal Truth for their sanction. The first are mere schemes of policy, about which men differ according as they affect their interests, present or prospective. Their ultimate appeal is to the Day Book and Ledger, to the returns of Exports and Imports, and to the quarterly statements of the Revenue. And the last carefully abstains from going to the foundations of things existing, and scrupulously protests against being supposed to intend to shake them. With Slavery within the United States, and as protected by the Constitution, it does not pretend to intermeddle. It shudders at the extension of what it is willing to tolerate. This is, plainly, but a very small segment of the Great Idea which is to abolish Slavery. That Idea aims at the entire and utter extermination of its Antagonist, now, without delay, wherever it exists, and at whatever cost of political institutions or pecuniary interests. It takes no counsel with flesh and blood. It sees the ugliness of Slavery and its inherent abominations, and considers the past and present consent of the Nation as of no account, except as an increased motive for instantly getting rid of it. No other Idea has vital power and energy enough to meet the necessities of the case. It is this alone that will finally triumph. All attempts to do its work by employing its fragments must fail. Even their success, were it a possible thing, would be mischievous as distracting the general mind from the real question at issue, from the solution of the great Enigma.

The more distinctly the two opposite ideas can be brought into palpable antagonism, the better. The mischief of every half measure, and imperfect idea, is, that it presents or retards their joining battle. It is the great strategy of the best friends of Slavery to protract the day of battle. Their policy is Fabian. Their hope is in delay. And the ill-advised schemes of well-meaning persons for the restriction of what they should destroy, helps this policy of these enemies of the human race. Now Mr. Calhoun is honourably distinguished from all these classes of men, by the definiteness of his position, the unmistakableness of his doctrine, and the uncompromising consistency of his public and private life. It is an inestimable advantage to have an enemy that you know where to find. He is no Proteus that will change his shape as soon as you grapple with him. It will be a fair combat until the death struggle. Let us have the question fairly tested. If Slavery be a blessed thing let us all acknowledge its divinity and submit to its sway. If it be of its father the Devil, let us exorcise it and send it back to the bottomless pit from whence it sprung. But let us no longer try to make it out a sort of hybrid between Heaven and Hell. Let us settle its character and behave ourselves accordingly. Had we no antagonists but those of the character and temper of Mr. Calhoun, we should soon be able to bring the matter to a point. And our endeavour should be to compel all men to take as decided ground as he, on the one side or on the other. While we are ever willing to make allowances for imperfect reachings after the right, we should be ever careful that they should never be looked at as an attainment, or even a near approach of it If we learn of our enemies and are but as wise in one generation as Mr. Calhoun is in his, we need not fear for the result.—E. Q.

Letter from Thomas Sturge.—A Deed and Word in Season.

NORTHFIELD, NEAR GRAVESEND, 23rd 6 mo. 1849.

To Francis Jackson, Boston, United States:

Annexed is a letter of credit in thy favour for £100 sterling. Maria Weston Chapman having made us aware of the need of the Anti-Slavery Cause, and applied to me, and my brothers and sisters, to solicit aid, we have sent the above, it being a contribution from my sister Esther, and brothers Samuel and George, and the subscriber, with our earnest wishes for the success of this righteous cause, which we trust may be ere long accomplished. Although we are well aware the end may not be apparent, yet our own experience in the silent battle carried on so many years in this country, teaches us that many new plans and devices were continually adopted to frustrate our hopes, and which were truly discouraging and almost seemed as if they would overwhelm us, yet it pleased the Lord, who ruleth in the kingdoms of men, to turn them to our advantage. This is mentioned that none may be discouraged, but hold on in full assurance that He will not suffer the Prince of the Power of Air to succeed in perpetuating this iniquity.

I am, respectfully,
THOMAS STURGE.

Mr. Jackson sends us the above letter from Mr. Sturge with a request that it be published at the same time that the acknowledgment of the generous donations which it covered is made in the *Standard*; that will be found in another column, and also one of a similar gift to the cause from another liberal friend in England—Elizabeth Pease, of Darlington.

Here is a suggestive instance of a difference between English and American character, upon which a word or two may not come amiss.

An Englishman never does a thing in a hurry; never takes up an idea, or a cause, without the most deliberate and careful examination; but once satisfied that the idea presented to him is worthy of being adopted, or that it is his duty to labour for the cause whose claims are urged upon him, and an advocate is secured for it who will never desert it. Whatever he undertakes, John Bull sticks to till it is done, if he lives long enough, and if not, leaves it to his posterity to finish. Jonathan, on the other hand, is always in a hurry to begin new things; never wants for enthusiasm in new notions; never hesitates to begin a new work, no matter how great its seeming difficulties; but the moment he meets with them,—comes up full against them, (*but and if are his great stumbling-blocks,*) he flies off at a tangent, away from the object he was pursuing, and after something else which has more novelty, or seems, at the moment, likely to be caught with more ease. An Englishman is always persistent.—Whether he means to Master Shakspeare's works; to be a thorough Greek scholar; to make a brass pin; conquer a continent; or abolish Slavery; he keeps at that thing so long as anything can be found in it to do;—till he knows all that man can know of the great poet and his works;—till Greek is as familiar, down to its smallest particle, and in all the obscurities of all Greek writers, as his mother-ton gue;—till the pin is perfect;—the continent conquered;—Slavery abolished. He abandons neither work as long as he lives if it will last him so long. But the American is persistent in nothing except being a smatterer in everything. If Shakspeare be his object, he gets a Concordance or volume of Elegant Extracts; if he wants Greek, he learns it in 'twelve easy lessons,' according to Manesca or somebody's else method which promises to reach Parnassus 'cross lots' as we say in New England; the perfection of pin-making to him is to manufacture cheap and good enough to sell readily, his wares, stuck, perhaps, on an ingeniously imitated English card; and as to conquering continents, however much he may bluster about "54 40" he will be sure to attempt to subjugate nothing more powerful than the half-populated territory of a half-starved, distracted, and imbecile neighbour, nor that unless it is sure to pay well as a new market for men or calicoes.

In 1787 seven men met together in London to propose measures for the Abolition of the Foreign Slave Trade. The leading minds at that meeting were the head and front of that movement till the object was gained twenty years afterward. They did not stop there. A half-century rolled over their heads, and these men, venerable in years, and venerated for their lives spent in so noble a work, were at the head of the host who forced the British Parliament to proclaim freedom throughout the land' to strike the fetters from the limbs of the slave throughout the British Empire.—Men and women, by thousands, who in the morning of life gave themselves to the cause of the enslaved African, grew grey in that cause, and are found in the evening of their days, not resting from their labours, when their special work is over, but giving of their substance, and their time, and their talent, to the same cause in another land. If one might ever rest from well-doing surely they might be permitted to do so, through whose untiring zeal and devotion for near three score years such a work had been accomplished. But we have here before us instances—and we have every year in the contributions to the Boston Bazaar, and in other ways the proof—that Englishmen, when they undertake to do a thing never stop till they, or it, are finished.

Mr. Sturge had no expectation that we should publish his letter, and could never dream that we should make of it a text for such a homily. But he will pardon us for seizing the opportunity of making an application of the difference between English and American Anti-Slavery, the consequence of a national difference, of which this is a striking illustration. It is only twenty years since the cause was born in this country, but of those who were its earliest advocates how few are left! How many have fallen faint and weary by the way-side? how many, appalled at the dreary march before them through the desert, have returned to the flesh-pots of Egypt; how many, worse than weak or fearful, have become wicked, and joined the host arrayed in our path to stop our further progress! The Abolitionist of later days hardly knows the names—with a few choice exceptions—of those who first rallied around him who first unfolded the banner—and stands by it yet, thank God, and will, to the end—of IMMEDIATE ABOLITION. And many of those of whom the more recent advocate has heard, because they were so true once that their names cannot yet be forgotten hears of them, and thinks of them only as apostates and traitors. And yet though our task was harder because we are in the midst of Slavery, than that of the English Abolitionist, we had his experience to guide us, and the *prestige* of his success to cheer and encourage us; and our work would have been far nearer its end, had all those remained faithful to the last who began so bravely. This is a sad enough reflection, and were it not that every general rule has its exception, which holds good in this matter as well as elswhere, we might indeed despair of a cause which would otherwise be altogether handed about, and left to the mercy of the fleeting enthusiasm of whoever might chance to take it up.

The donations of our English friends suggest another thought. When the news of the insurrection in Jamaica, in the height of the Anti-Slavery agitation, reached England, and it was determined to rebuild a Methodist Chapel that had been destroyed by the mob, a donation of *ten sovereigns* was received "from a servant." It is in this spirit that any reformatory movement is carried on by the English people, high and low. They know the value of money, and they give it freely. The *Anti-Slavery Reporter* before the passage of the Emancipation Act, was published for years almost without subscribers, but was circulated gratuitously far and wide. Its effect upon the public mind cannot be over-estimated. Even now when the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society can hardly be said to have a name to live, and whose sole work seems to be the publication of a monthly journal, and an annual address to the Queen on the subject of the Foreign Slave Trade, its yearly receipts and expenditures are almost equal to those of the American Anti-Slavery Society, with its work all before it yet to do. At, we believe, the very last meeting of the Anti-Corn Law League, before the Abolition of the Corn Laws, the sum pledged to carry on that merely commercial reform was about half a million of dollars. Who can estimate the influence of this single fact upon the British Parliament? This is the way they do things in England. We need not point out how striking the contrast is to the way in which the duty of pecuniary support to the cause among us is performed. Unquestionably they in that country give more freely than we in this, because their means are greater, and especially is this true of the great Commercial movement just referred to; but the difference between the class who were the advocates of Emancipation there, and those in whose hands that cause has fallen here, is not so great. The operatives of Manchester, and Glasgow, and Bristol, who from their weekly wages laid by a certain portion to pour into the Treasury of the Anti-Slavery Society, were not more blessed in this world's goods than the farmers, merchants, and the very many in comfortable circumstances in our country villages who are the Abolitionists of this land. Why then do they not give?

It is not, we apprehend, from want of means, or want of generosity, but from precisely the same defect in the national character which from the beginning has so thinned our ranks—a want of persistency. The time has been when the Treasury of the National Society was filled to overflowing, her lecturers were sent to every nook and corner of the Northern States, and her press was day and night at work, sending forth periodicals and pamphlets to be scattered broad cast among the people. We have not now, it is true, a tithe of the members we had then, to contribute to our funds, but it is no less true that nothing like a tithe of the amount is contributed. People are tired of giving, even those who have not yet wearied of the principles of Anti-Slavery. "I have done my share," says one; "there is enough without my mite," says another; this forgetting that 'many a mickle makes a muckle,' and how crippled are the hands of those who work without tools; and that, how far the best are from doing all they ought to do. Were we to put down in plain figures the exact amount which is contributed in this country to carry on the Anti-Slavery cause, and the number and the names of those who are its principal donors, the world would be astonished that so little means are given for so great a work, and our friends, we trust, mortified that a duty which belongs to all alike should be left, from year to year, to devolve upon so few out of so many. Parker Pillsbury is accustomed to say, when speaking upon this subject, that Anti-Slavery has saved to many more than it has ever cost them; that it brought them out of a pro slavery church which spared neither light pockets nor heavy in its pew-tax, its poor tax, its parish tax, or its priest-tax, into a cause which taxes them nothing but a two-dollar newspaper, and a two cent contribution at an occasional lecture. If these good people have fallen away from saving grace, they have gained, in no slight degree, the grace of saving.

We dare say that to some of our friends all this may sound very invidious and uncalled for, but all such persons, if any such there be, we beg to calculate strictly the amount of their annual donations, exclusive of subscription to newspapers, to the cause, and the percentage it makes upon their whole income. Let them then divide the number of the slaves in the United States by the number of dollars which is annually expended by the American Society for their redemption, and ask themselves if their duty is done in view of the small result obtained, and the still smaller which may be by calculating their proportion of the whole amount expended, in comparison with the donations made by a few individuals at home and abroad. We cannot but hope that the few cents and mills which many would thus see is all they give to the cause would open their eyes, their hearts, and their hands.

Finally, brethren—for we have preached a longer sermon than we meant when we began—let us commend to you most earnestly, in this matter of *sticking to a thing, and putting it through*, the excellent example of our English cousins. Be ye also never weary in well-doing, remembering, that in our imperfect state, well giving is not a small part thereof; and may no aspersion stand good against us that we are wanting in strength of purpose now, inasmuch as we have fallen away from the cause which we once espoused with fidelity, generosity, and zeal, or that we were wanting in judgment then to devote our energies to that which we now prove by our actions to be unworthy of such devotion.

Despotism at Home.

Mazzini, one of the Roman Triumviri, just at this moment commands much of the sympathy and admiration of all who look with interest upon the struggle of the Roman people. In commemoration of his fellow patriots who fell in defence of their country's liberties, *The Tribune* has published, a long original epitaph, properly capitalised, all ready for a handsome monument, to which we have no objection, and will help build when all that are needed of that sort of thing are put up in our own country. We happen to think of Mazzini especially of these noble Romans because a circumstance here in the 'model Republic' reminds us that it was his letters which Sir James Graham, on the part of the British Government, took from the Post Office, opened and read, and that the memory of this incident is just now revived in the American papers, partly as interesting in itself, and partly to fan the latent hate which every free-born American is called upon to feel for all sorts of tyranny committed by our first cousins over the water. It was proper that that tampering with the letters of the exiled patriot should be visited with anathemas by every man who loathes, above all tyrannies, that meanest and most dangerous sort which is so ashamed of its own acts that it will not let the light of day shine upon them—which, stealing wisdom from the godlike rule of charity, does not let the right hand know what the left doeth. The name of Sir James Graham has become infamous, and *Grahamizing* is the name of a crime which modern civilization will, not brook, and which no minister in Great Britain will, probably, dare to repeat. Let us see how we bear comparison in this matter here with the 'poor victims of monarchy' in England.

One John M. Barrett, we stated several weeks since, was arrested in Spartanburg, North Carolina. Somebody, it seems, thought him a dangerous character, and so wrote to some one in Spartanburg, where soon after Mr. Barrett arrived, and received, personally, from the Post Master several letters which were awaiting him in the possession of that functionary. When the letters were delivered Mr. Barrett was waited upon by a committee who instituted a search, and after seizing and reading this private correspondence decided it to be treasonable and incendiary, and forthwith arrested and committed for trial the man who received it.

The character of some of these letters our readers may remember,—for we, several months ago, gave an account and some extracts of those which were in circular form, and which made the chief charge against Mr. Barrett—and that they were addressed, not to the slaves at the South, but to certain *white* people, some, perhaps, slaveholders, and some not. Their object was to enlighten the people of South Carolina as to the wrongs, burdens, and deprivations which the poor white people suffered, because of the existence of Slavery, and of the privileges which were monopolized by the very small class of slaveholders. They were written, it is said by a Carolinian, and one who was once a slaveholder; but whoever wrote them, it was evident they could not be answered, so it was necessary they should be suppressed. Mr. Barrett happens to be the *first* unfortunate man whom the Committees of Safe have been able to seize, and the probability is, that it will go hard with him. "The Charge," says the *Spartan*, of the 19th ult. "under which he was arrested is punishable by twelve months imprisonment, and One Thousand Dollars fine. But he may be indicted under the arrest for any crime of which the States Attorney may think himself able, by competent testimony, to convict the prisoner. There is more than possibility, Barrett may be indicted for an offence, the penalty of which is *death* without benefit of clergy, and, assuredly, if convicted all the Abolitionists in the United States cannot save him." Southern States Attorneys are not in the habit of permitting themselves to be bothered for want of a law under which any alleged intermeddler with the Southern institutions may be indicted. so Mr. Barrett may yet be hanged for the crime of spreading a knowledge of their political rights among the *white* citizens of the Carolinas.

Mr. Barrett, we learn from the (Cleveland, Ohio) *True Democrat*, is from Indiana, a distinguished member of the Free Soil party of that State, and has never been known as an Abolitionist. He pretends, the *Spartan* hints that he is the victim of "unknown incendiaries." a charge we shall be sorry to hear is true, as we wish he might have the manliness to throw himself back upon his reserved rights as a citizen of the Union, and assert his right to receive and send letters from, and to whom he pleases. He will gain nothing by concession, and it is barely possible that such a case might arouse public attention to the character of the sort of Government we live under.

In addition to the letters which we copied before from the *Spartan*, that paper gives some others which we also give below. Of course, they were all obtained in the same way. The first, the *Spartan* says, contained twelve or fifteen enclosures addressed to various portions of the State, and containing the 'Brutus address:'

CINCINNATI, OHIO, June 15th, 1849.

"Mr. Barrett, Dear Sir: A friend of mine from South Carolina wishes me to write to some one there, and get him to deposit in some office within the State, the letters accompanying this. I thought of sending them to some one of my friends who reside there, but as they are also acquainted with him, his object would be defeated, as he does not wish them to know of his being here. While you are travelling in that State I thought it would not be inconvenient for you to accommodate him in this matter. I have sent some also to other persons, with the same request. As he pays the postage on these packages it will cost you and them nothing but the trouble of depositing. For his own reasons he desires that they be dropped into different offices, and he particularly desires that you should not deliver them to any of the persons yourself, should you have them in your way. It is unnecessary for you to know the object he has in view.

You will much oblige me and, indeed, I will take it as a *great* favour if you will not give the slightest hint to any one of this matter; and in your correspondence with your friends here please not allude to it at all. You need not even acknowledge that you have received the package from me, except it be in a letter addressed to myself. I hope you will return in better health than you left us.

I am dear Sir, very respectfully yours.

P. S. I was about signing my name, but my friend suggested I had better not, as by some means this may fall into other hands, and then his friends in C. get a hint of his being here. You will therefore excuse me for not doing so, *and guess at mine.*"

The next is from one whom the *Spartan* calls, we know not why, the Rev. Dr. S. F. Chase. "It was directed to Barrett at Ashville, and forwarded from that place to Greenville, from there to Spartanburg, C. H., where Barrett took it out of the Post Office. It seems to us, comment is unnecessary to point the irresistible conclusion, that Dr. Chase knew he was writing to an accredited agent of the Abolitionists, whose field of labour was South Carolina."

CINCINNATI, OHIO, April 30th, 1849.

"Dear John—Yours came safe to hand to-day finding us, in the mercy of God, all well. I was glad to see your name at the bottom of the letter, and was still glader to hear of your welfare, and I hope in *Sole* and body. May the Lord bless you, and if we meet not in time, may we meet in heaven. *O let us try for this.* I found your friends well at Dublin, your father seemed well pleased to hear from you and of your welfare, he thought it a fine thing and seemed well satisfied. William is working with brother Tommy and was much pleased to hear from you. The people of Dublin seemed very different towards me, all seemed glad to see me down my enemies. I could not get off until I gave Dr. Curtis a tanin—*and I gave him a hard one.* Your father was present and took quite an interest in the debate. It was the opinion of many of the citizens that he was too hard for Dr. Singar, as he could not speak off hand and Curtis is rather a good speaker. The people thought Singar's written lecture was respectable, but the masses judge from other things. Curtis had used up Dr. Smith on the evening I got there, so bad, I left the room; they reported that I was afraid of him, this you know did not suit me, so I resolved to learn him a lesson and the people thought I did learn him one, which will be of service to him before he commences another discussion. I never saw such a re-action in the public mind before, the people would have *plucked out their eyes for me.*

Our little Society is doing well in Dublin, and their prospects are flattering for the future, many of the old friends spoke of you in kind terms.

We commenced the exhibition of the Panorama in *Collage* Hall, Sab. evening and our prospects are flattering. I expect to go East by the middle of this month. I saw your Epistle to Harwood & Co., this morning, your letters are well received and will do you credit—the "Ph" is growing and the meetings are interesting, *and your letter gives much interest to them.* If you regain your health and do good and get back safely, which I pray you may, the season will be well spent. I can't say write soon, for I don't know where I shall be. May the hand of heaven direct you in all you do. *You will remember the importance of taking due precaution in matters, when you reach your destination, the tone of the press in that quarter is quite fiery, they feel the charge of mantism, but don't know who charges the wires.* Many friends send greeting &c.

S. F. CHASE.

A specimen of secret correspondence is also given, which is incomplete and of little moment.

The *Spartan* also publishes a letter which purports to have been addressed by 'Brutus' himself to the Sheriff of the District. It is only one of several which have been received—one postmarked Washington, and two others, Philadelphia; and the *Spartan* darkly hints that the author is known—that he is not the original Brutus—and that punishment awaits him, for "our arms are long enough to reach and punish, far beyond the meridian of Washington."

The letter is as follows:

JUNE 15th, 1849.

Dear Sir:—Having learned through a friend that a gentleman by the name of J. M. Barrett is now in Jail in Spartanburg, and that for what I myself, with others, caused to be done without the said Barrett's knowledge, approbation or consent, I deem it proper to address you this note, that an innocent man may not suffer for what was a mere act of courtesy, if he complied at all with the request made him, of which indeed I am not informed. *I am not an obscure man* sir: you would be astonished were you to learn who I am. I have taken for so many years an active part in the public concerns of this State, and am so well known, that to give you my name would silence at once the charge, that my writings now being circulated, are of "Yankee origin." But I am too conversant with the state of things here, to venture to place myself in an attitude that would lead to the discovery of authorship. It would not defeat the purposes of myself and associates, but it would render measures necessary, which would be more prolific of excitement among us, than our present plan; it is expensive, but it is a simple and silent operation, giving the opportunity to act upon minds which would be tamed if exposed to public scrutiny. If our communications were allowed to pass readily through the Post Offices, we need not resort to involuntary and unsuspecting agents to help us circulate our papers, and if our Printing Offices would print for us, we need not go beyond the limits of the State to have it done."

It will be unnecessary to take up time and space with the balance of the letter, which is a mere argument that Barrett ought to be suffered to depart the country, except that the following extract may elucidate some points that may arise:

"We shall therefore as heretofore, take care to labour for the deliverance of our State from this galling oppression, but take equal care not to expose strangers travelling through the country to the indignities and assaults of men who have no other regard for liberty than to take liberty from others.

"Yours, BRUTUS."

Another letter from the same writer is also given.—To whom it was addressed the editor of the *Spartan* says, he conceals, lest an innocent man suffer, though he takes care to assert that he came honourably by it, without attempting to reconcile this assertion with another, made in the same sentence, that "we have at least one name, which at the proper time shall be given to the public."

This letter we copy also as a part of the story:

"EDGEFIELD, June 10th, 1849."

"Dear Sir—You will please accept a copy of my address. This will get to you in a round about way, but you will easily understand why it is necessary thus to reach you. This address has made some noise in the State, and the enemies of justice have endeavoured to blunt its force by calling it an Abolition incendiary paper. Believing you to be a man of better sense and in sympathy with the oppressed non-slaveholders in our State, I send you a copy of it; you are personally acquainted with me.

"You will understand that we have formed an association, for the purpose of comprehending in it all the the non-slaveholders we can confide in, and for the purpose of producing such a change in public sentiment, as to promote our interests against the oppressions of the slaveholding power *We cannot possibly be found out*, we have agents located South and North, East and West, who will divulge nothing; beside we make many do work for us without their knowing in the least, what they are circulating. As for instance, this will leave the Post Office at some distance from where I am writing, directed to a gentleman in some distant city or large town, with the Postage paid upon it; when he takes off the envelope he will of course put the enclosed letter into the Post Office, It will then go to Spartanburg, to a gentleman I know there: he will in his turn send this last enclosed to yourself. Again, when we know of any one travelling through the country, we get some acquaintance of his to give him a package to drop along his way, he of course, as a matter of courtesy, complies.

"You will see from this how the needful writings can be circulated; but you will wish to know how to join us. This is done without giving your name at all.—Every man has his special sign given him when applied to, and only the keeper of signs and the particular officer in the case, knows it. I am at present keeper of signs. You will therefore understand, if you wish to unite with us, that your signs of introduction must be placing your thumb and index finger—when you are meeting any one—in your vest pocket, let it be the left hand and the left pocket. The messenger who will watch your movements, will inform me; your fidelity will then be subjected to tests, and when confidence in you is once established, you will be informed how next to proceed. You need be under no apprehension, once admitted to our association you will find a powerful support, moral and numerical. Your refusal to join us will not help you any, and any attempt to do detect us will be futile; many trials of that sort, have been made but in vain. Our enemies are just as apt to get into difficult straits as any of us, indeed more so, for it is one of our plans to be as much in action with the Committees of Safety, as though we were really in sympathy with the slaveholders."

The Spartans having searched Mr Barrett's pockets, stolen his letters, read them and committed him to prison fortrial on the charge of circulating political intelligence among Southern citizens seem to have been attacked at last with a singular squeamishness on this point of opening letters. In the Spartanburg Post-office lay a letter addressed to John Edward Thomson, which, for some reason, it was supposed was intended for Mr. Barrett, though he denied all knowledge of it. The letter, why we do not learn, was supposed to be treasonable in its character; perhaps some of the Committee had taken the precaution to Grahamize it beforehand. However this may be, it was important to get hold of it, and as nobody has appeared to take it whose pockets could be rifled afterward, and the Postmaster having some notion left of his responsibility to the General Government, the only resource left was an action at law against the Post-master, who seems to have been glad of this issue from the dilemma in which he was placed. Of this singular proceeding we find the following report in the Spartan:

STATE vs. J. S. BARRETT.

Warrant to arrest and recognize a witness.

We call the attention of the magistrates and Postmaster of, and in this State, to the report of the legal proceedings had in this case against G. W. H. Legg, Esq. Postmaster at this place

It was known that Barrett was authorized to take from the Post-office a letter directed to John Edward Thomson. This he positively refused to do, doubtless because it might implicate him in some degree. The Post-master was not authorized to deliver it to any one, but the person addressed or his agents. It was believed the letter contained important testimony or would lead to the obtaining important testimony on the part of the State in this prosecution, and the question was how the letter could legally be got hold of. The Hon. David Johnson, ex-Governor, and for thirty years a Judge of the Supreme Court of this State, on Monday last attended at this place for the purpose of aiding our people with his experience and advice, this he did, and it was strictly followed The Hon. H. H. Thomson, Chairman of the Committee of Vigilance and Safety, made oath that the Post-master was a material witness for the State in this case, and that the said Post-master had in his possession, as such, a letter directed to John Edward Thomson, which letter the deponent had reason to believe, and did believe, would furnish material evidence in the case of the State vs. J. M. Barrett.

Upon this affidavit John Linder, Esq. issued his warrant against Mr. Legg requiring him to appear before him to enter into a recognizance for his appearance at Court, and also to produce the letter addressed to John Edward Thomson.

Mr. Legg was arrested and brought before the magistrate. He said in his defence that he was a sworn officer of the Government, and had given his bond and security for the faithful discharge of his duty; that he was not authorized to deliver the letter to any one, but the party and his agents; that before the next Court of Sessions he was bound to forward the letter to the Department in Washington; that he was as willing as any one to discharge his duty to the State as a good citizen; that with due defference to the distinguished authority under which the magistrate was acting, he felt himself compelled to decline delivering up the letter, or to enter into recognizance except for his personal appearance. This defence, though strictly correct, was not deemed satisfactory by the magistrate, who thought that the Post-office was not intended to enable criminals to perfect their schemes of crime with impunity, and that upon a reasonable shewing, if the Post-office contained the evidence of some crime perpetrated, or about to be perpetrated, the Post-master, like any other private individual, was bound upon the requisition of the State authorities to produce the evidence.

Mr. Legg was therefore committed to jail until he shall have given bond and security for his own appearance at Court, and the production of the John Edward Thompson letter. By the advice of counsel, and in order to relieve himself from his painful and disagreeable position, Mr. Legg finally complied with the order of the magistrate, and is now under bonds to appear and produce the letter. Mr. Legg's conduct in this whole affair, was wholly irreproachable and becoming his general character. It was firm, temperate, and respectful, showing a conscientious determination to do his duty, according to the best of his knowledge and ability, both to the State and the General Government.

Thus has been made the first feasible *issue* at law with the General Government. The State must succeed whilst she retains her sovereignty, and that before she will give up *that*, she will give up *all* that trammels or interferes with it. We commend the precedent to the magistracy of S. C. and hope none of them will refuse to act upon it when called upon.—They could hardly have a higher or more reliable authority than the venerable Judge Johnson. Self defence is the first law of nature, and that law is a part of the code of each sovereign State in the Union. No law or regulation of the General Government can deprive us of this inalienable right, nor will we suffer ourselves to be cheated, tricked or bullied out of it by any human power or form of law.

Such is the present aspect of this act of Despotism in America; we shall keep our readers informed as far as we can of any future proceedings that may transpire though it be to the exclusion of the latest news from Hungary and Rome.

We now republish, to a perfect understanding of the whole matter, the address of 'Brutus,' the circulation of which is the crime of Mr. Barret, and which appeared in the *Standard* of April 19th:

An Address to the Citizens of South Carolina.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I desire to address you on an important subject—one of momentous interest to all of us.

Our politicians are about to precipitate us into evils from which ages will not recover the country. Every effort is being made by them to perpetuate a system which has already nearly ruined us, and in which, if they succeed, they will forever blast the hope of elevation and prosperity to the mass of our population. Under the name of Southern Rights, and the yet more sacred name of State Rights, they are demanding the extension and perpetuation of a system of policy ruinous to our own State, and disastrous to our personal interests. A few among us, having wealth, having political power, having the monopoly of the government of the State, are determined to secure their own interests, and perpetuate their own power; and, therefore, they are resolved to rend the union of these States rather than not preserve their own supremacy. Knowing that they cannot succeed by a true representation of their own positions, they are crafty enough to represent themselves as the standard bearers of *Southern* interests, whilst in truth, they only represent a small fraction of the South. They cunningly declaim in favour of State Rights, whilst they know they are themselves despisers of the people, and are trampling under foot the true sovereignty of the State.

Fellow citizens, before we suffer ourselves to be hurried into the schemes of mad politicians, it behoves us to inquire what is the true condition of our State, and whether or no it will be to the interest of the mass of the people to follow these men in their vile purposes to dissolve this Union rather than not perpetuate their own power.

This State is said to have a Republican form of Government. It may be the *form*, but the substance is wanting By a Republic we understand a State where the interests of the citizens are cared for, and their rights protected. Is this the condition of the citizens of South Carolina? I speak now of those who are recognized as citizens not the whole, but only the white population. Are these in the full enjoyment of the rights of citizens? Do all stand on one political platform? Is the Government alike regardful of the interests of all? Or, is it not rather the case, that the great mass of the people are virtually disfranchised, their interests utterly disregarded, and their voices not heard in the councils of the State? Let facts determine this inquiry. Look at the following table, and it will be seen that the Constitution secures the Government to a privileged class.

Districts of South Carolina arranged in the order of the relative number of whites to slaves.

Districts.	Whites.	Slaves.	Whites.	Slaves.	Free Col.	Sen.	Rep.
Georgetown,	1	7.64	2 093	15,993	188	2	4
Beaufort,	1	5,25	5,650	29 682	462	4	6
Colleton, & Charleston,	1	2.90	26 895	77.785	3,629	13	32
Sumter,	1	2.18	8 644	18,875	373	2	5
Williamsb'g,	1	2 09	3.327	6 968	32	1	1
Kershaw,	1	2.01	3,988	8 043	250	1	2
Richland,	1	2.00	5.326	10.664	407	1	4
Orangeburg,	1	1,88	6,321	11 934	264	2	3
Fairfield,	1	1 64	7.587	12 505	73	1	5
Newberry,	1	1 20	8 208	9.904	238	1	3
Edgefield,	1	1 16	15.020	17.538	294	1	6
Abbeville,	1	1.09	13.880	15.148	323	1	5
Darlington,	1	1,05	7 169	7.560	93	1	2
Barnwell,	1	9,99	10,533	10,503	435	1	4
Marlboro',	1	0,98	4 188	4,118	102	1	2
Union,	1	0 79	10 485	8.354	97	1	4
Chester.	1	0,78	9.889	7,722	136	1	3
Lancaster,	1	0,76	5,565	4.235	107	1	2
Laurens,	1	0,70	12,572	8,911	101	1	4
Lexington,	1	0,61	7,401	4,685	25	1	2
Marion,	1	9,61	8.593	5.251	88	1	3
York,	1	9,59	11.449

and appoint delegates to a State Convention. Let that State Convention draft a new constitution for the State, in which the interests of the *free* labourer shall be provided for, and an equality of representation established. Let them lay this new constitution before the legislature of the State, and demand that they take measures for its adoption and ratification; and if then the legislature will not take the proper measures, call another convention of the people, and appeal to the Federal Congress to secure to the people a truly republican form of State government. They are bound by their oaths to respect the demands of the majority in the State, and to carry out the guarantee of the Federal Constitution. When this method of redress shall have been tried and failed, we may then consider what next is to be done.

Yours for the right, BRUTUS.

Democracy Illustrated.

What is called "the Democracy" of GEORGIA held a State Convention at Milledgeville on the 11th (July), and unanimously nominated GEORGE W. TOWNES for re-election. The Convention was quite full—Hon. Garnett Andrews presiding. A large and strong Committee on Resolutions was then appointed, who reported the following, which were most heartily adopted. [We omit the Preamble and Resolutions of the late Virginia Legislature in favour of Slavery extension, as already familiar to our readers.]

In conformity with the usage of our party, we propose to re-affirm the principles of our political faith, our undiminished confidence in their truth and correctness, and our determination to preserve and maintain them by the exercise of every honourable means

Therefore Resolved, That a strict construction of the Constitution of the United States an equal distribution of the burdens and benefits of Government, an Independent Treasury system, a Revenue System of Tariff duties, opposition to a system of Internal Improvements by the Government, opposition to the repeal or modification of the Veto power, are cardinal principles of the Democratic party, and that their triumphant vindication of them in the Administration of James K. Polk, has increased our confidence in them and strengthens our devotion to their maintenance.

Resolved, That in reference to the subject of Slavery in our newly acquired Territories, we hold the doctrine of non-intervention, which doctrine denies to Congress the power, either originally, or by ratification of the action of a territorial legislature, either for or against the introduction of Slavery into such territories; and holding such doctrine, we should regard the adoption of the Wilmot Proviso as unjust and unconstitutional, and are prepared to co operate with our friends in resisting its enactment and enforcement on the basis of the resolutions adopted by the Virginia Legislature, at its last session, which we hereby adopt, and which read as follows: (Omitted.)

Resolved, That we regard the passage of a law by the Congress of the United States, abolishing Slavery or the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia, as a direct attack upon the institutions of the Southern States, to be resisted at every hazard.

Resolved That in the event of the passage by Congress of the "Wilmot Proviso," or any law abolishing Slavery or the Slave Trade in the District of Columbia, the Governor of this Commouwealth is requested immediately to convene the Legislature of this State (if it shall have adjourned) to consider of the mode and manner of redress.

Resolved, That the Governor of this Commonwealth be requested to send a copy of these resolutions to each of the States of this Union, and also to our Senators and Representatives in Congress.

Resolved, That General Taylor, by organizing his Cabinet with a majority of men known to be favourable to the principles of the Wilmot Proviso, and by manifesting his determination to submit to the decision of that majority the policy of his Administration, has given just cause of alarm to the friends of Southern rights, which should excite in the breast of of every true-hearted son of the South feelings of the deepest indignation and the most determined opposition.

☞ *Resolved*, That we recognize among mankind in all ages and countries (except where parties may be hushed by absolute despotism) two great parties in politics, to which all others may be reduced, viz: on the one hand, the party of special privilege and monopoly, *seeking unjust dominion over their fellow-creatures*, through artful contrivances; and on the other, the party of equal rights to all, exclusive privilege to none, *binding the rich and poor together by the fraternal tie of political equality*—that repudiating the principle of the the great Absolutist or Conservative party of Christendom, and sympathizing deeply with our Democratic brethren in Europe in their struggles for Free Government, we can but mourn for their defeats and rejoice in their triumphs.

We confidently challenge an overhauling of all the records of human hypocrisy in search of anything half so audaciously impudent as this resolution in view of those directly preceding it. Can it be possible that any considerable number will continue to be swindled by this windy talk against Conservatism, Monopoly, Special Privileges, &c. and in favour of "binding the rich and poor together by the fraternal tie of political equality?" Is there a white labouring man so bat-eyed as not to see that the colour of the Slave caste in the South is mere accident—that Slavery has really no respect of persons but only of opportunities? It must be that the essential antagonism of struggling for Slavery Extension and slavering over "*our Democratic brethren in Europe*" will, ere long, be made obvious to every capacity, including the lowest. We dare these Georgia Slavery Extensionists to name a single country or province in Europe, whose people, struggling for Liberty, would recognize these auctioneers of women and children as "Democratic brethren."—*New York Tribune*.

And what is called the Democratic Whig party of Georgia held a State Convention at Milledgeville on the 28th of June, and nominated somebody also for Governor. A large and strong Committee on Resolutions was appointed who reported the following which were most heartily adopted:

Resolved, That this Convention, referring to the actron of preceding Conventions of the Whig party, and to the resolutions of the last Senate of Georgia, in relation to the Wilmot Proviso as expressing the opinion of the Whig party, has only to declare its *determined* opposition to that measure, as *violative* of all the compromises of the Constitution and making an *unjust discrimination* against the people of the South.

Resolved, That the Whig Party of Georgia has unabated confidence in the virtue and patriotism of Zachary Taylor President of the United States, and believes that his administration of the Government will conduce to the prosperity and honour of our common country.

That the bearing of these Resolutions upon the subject of Slavery may be fully understood we copy the Preamble and Resolutions which were passed last winter by the Legislature of Georgia.

Be it, therefore, by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Georgia, Resolved, That the Government of the United States has no control over the institution of Slavery, and that in taking or attempting to take any such control, it transcends the limits of its legitimate functions

"*Be it further resolved by the authority aforesaid*. That *any* Territory acquired, or to be acquired, by the arms of the United States, or by treaty with a foreign power, becomes the common property of the several States composing this confederacy, and whilst it so continues, it is the right of each citizen, of each and every State, to reside with his property of every description within such territory.

☞ "*Resolved further by the authority aforesaid*, That it is the duty of every man, in every section of this confederacy, *if the Union be dear to him, to oppose the passage of any law or resolution of Congress* by which territory acquired, or to be acquired, may be subjected to *any restriction against Slavery*.

☞ "*Resolved*, That in *the ownership of our slaves*, we are not only exercising a HUMANE but a constitutional and MORAL RIGHT, and that we allow no power under Heaven to dictate the terms by which we hold them, nor to devise the means by which we shall be deprived of our property in them."

We confidently challenge an overhauling of all the records of human hypocrisy in search of anything half so audaciously impudent as this last resolution in view of the universal assumption of the Whig party of the North that it is the Anti-Slavery party of the country, and that the prohibition of the extension of Slavery can only be secured but by its being the dominant party in both houses of Congress, as well as having the President of their choice. Can it be possible that any considerable number will continue to be swindled by the windy talk of Northern Whigs against the extension of Slavery, in favour of Free Soil, &c. when they are united by party ties to their Southern brethren, and will 'go their death' in favour of the party, whether it be in the election of 'Old Zach,' in lying Mexican War Preambles, or anything else? Is there'a white labouring man so bat-eyed as not to see, though there be promises of "two dollars a day and roast beef," that the color of the slave caste in the South is mere accident—that Slavery has really no respect of persons but only of opportunities? It must be that the essential antagonism of struggling for Slavery Extension, the slavering over *our republican brethren in Ireland* and elsewhere, and this pretension of being opposed to Slavery, all in the same party, will ere long be made obvious to every capacity, including the lowest. We wish that we could dare believe that, these Georgia Whig Slavery Extentionists, and their Northern abettors could find their character so well known in Europe, as that not a single country or province would recognize such auctioneers of women and children as republican brethren; but too many are concerned in this national hypocrisy to permit us to indulge in any such hope.

N. B. The above resolutions passed by the Georgia Whig Convention at Milledgeville *have not yet appeared* in the *New York Tribune*,.

☞ On the first page of this week's paper—which is made to present so sweet a spirit of concord in the various extracts of the slaveholding press all over the country—will be found some selections from an article in the *Christian Inquirer*, by the Rev. Ephraim P. Peabody, a Unitarian clergyman of Boston. "Ephraim is a cake not turned"—"Oh! Ephraim what shall I do with thee!" exclaimed the editor of *The Liberator* in a notice of the article when it first appeared.—That the cake will be turned yet, and Ephraim so baked that it will be good even to look at him, we predict from the following gentle simmering which he gets from one of his brother clergymen, the Rev. Dr Bellows of the *Christian Inquirer*.

—But there is one grand exception to be made. We do not agree with the writer in the estimate he forms of direct Anti-Slavery agitation here at the North. He does not do justice to the influence which the Abolitionists proper have exerted upon the great bulk of *conservative* feeling at the North, and through that upon the Anti-Slavery feeling at the South. That Mr. Clay's letter, or Mr. Benton's course in regard to Slavery, are any more important than Thomas Jefferson's and Randolph's old and strong expressions of sentiment against Slavery, is owing to the fact that the whole heart, mind and conscience of the people of the United States has been stirred up, and made wakeful and anxious on the subject by the Abolitionists. What Mr. Clay and Benton say now, means a hundred times more than it would were there no such agitators as the ultra Abolitionists, no such cause as Immediate Emancipation. It was perfectly easy to denounce Slavery as Jefferson did, at a period when the institution was in no danger. It meant about as much as a reigning beauty's tirade against the tyranny of fashion, which she so beautifully obeys and so eloquently assails. It does amaze us that wise and candid men here at the North cannot do justice to the labours and services of the Abolitionists—and is it honest to say that their course has cost them no sacrifices, because it has not cost them their lives at the hands of the enraged planters? Did it cost Dr. Channing no sacrifices to be as moderate an Abolitionist as he was? Has it cost Garrison and Phillips no sacrifices? Their very names are a stench in the nostrils of thousands not worthy to loose the latchet of their shoes. We are slightly impatient when the present writer speaks with something very like a sneer of the "gentlemen at ease" who make speeches in Faneuil Hall, or the Tabernacle, as not bearing the burden and heat of the day. We suspect that Dr. Channing's speech in Faneuil Hall on a certain occasion was not the work of a "gentleman at ease;" and that one day it will be recognized that, to be read out of all social sympathy and public confidence, is not a pleasant diversion for any class of public speakers who have ever known what it is to possess good repute.

☞ In reply to the *Sentinel and Gazette*, and to the *National Anti-Slavery Standard*, we have only to say, that the arguments used in the N. Y. *Anti-Slavery Standard* against the Liberty party, were republished and scattered broadcast in New York, and also in Ohio, by the Whigs, in a sheet called the *New York Standard*, just before the Presidential election of 1844, to promote the success of Henry Clay. We never charged the publishers of the *Anti Slavery Standard* with doing this, and its denial that "the *Standard* never had any other name than the one it now bears" does not meet our statement in the least. We made it to show that the *Standard* did not belong to our school of Abolitionists. The *Standard* is a Disunion Anti-Slavery paper, and goes to the same extreme on the Anti-Slavery side that Calhoun does on the pro-slavery side—*Milwaukie* (Wis.) *True Democrat*.

Not being used to it the editor of the *Democrat* should not be expected to tell the truth at the first trial. His first assertion was, that the *Standard*,—a Garrison paper—edited by Mr. and Mrs. Child, was reprinted, under another title, by the Whigs and circulated extensively by them just before the election in 1844. Here are five assertions and four lies—that the *Standard* is a Garrison paper being the only truth which the editor contrived to stumble upon. His charge, however, is whittled down now to a very small point, as the use by other people of the arguments in the *Standard* against the Liberty party is quite another thing from the *Standard* permitting itself to be used to "promote the election of Henry Clay;" and as the publishers of the *Standard* are the American Anti-Slavery Society, and Mr. Booth brings no accusation, he asserts, against them, of course he means to swallow his former words that "leading Abolitionists went for Disunion and that 'same old coon' at the same time." When he acknowledges the whole story to be a sheer fabrication of his own which he thought he might tell with impunity, out there in the woods, to serve the cause of his party, he will have made some amends for this resort to the old tactics of 'new organization.'

WHITE SLAVERY IN GEORGIA.—The *Muscogee* (Ga.) *Democrat* gives the following details of an incident which occurred in that neighbourhood, and which is only one of many going to show that Slavery is by no means particular in the colour of its victims:

On Tuesday last, a young white girl of the name of Nancy Fann, who had for two years been an inmate of the house of James R. Jackson, formerly of Alabama, but latterly of Shell Creek, in this county, was, on petition of her mother, a Mrs. Gilder, from Hawkinsville, brought before his honour, Judge Alexander, on a writ of habeas corpus, and after an investigation of the case, delivered in charge of her maternal parent. The circumstance of the affair are briefly these: Fann's wife had obtained, several years since, a divorce from him, for some cause, and subsequently married a man by the name of Gilder, who has since deceased. The girl Nancy, was taken off by her father Fann, and brought to Girard, Alabama, whence he removed to Wynnton, where about two years ago, she was *sold* by him for a blind horse and jersey wagon to James R. Jackson, as a slave. By some means the mother heard of the situation of her daughter, now 17 years of age, and came on here three months ago, with a view to release her from bondage to Jackson. Accordingly she visited the house of the latter and staid three days, when she was ordered off and otherwise abused for seeking subsequent interviews with her daughter, who was treated in all respects as a negro slave by Jackson and his family? This becoming known in the neighbourhood, Mr. Jas. M'Guire and other gentlemen interested themselves in the matter, and by the generous and voluntary aid of Col. S. Jones and Col. Rutherford, the Sheriff, assisted the mother in the recovery of her child, as aforesaid, by a writ of habeas corpus. To the credit of the bar of this city and of Girard, not one of the lawyers would undertake to defend the illegal claim of Jackson to the services and person of Nancy. Indeed, the public feeling was getting excited both against Fann, the seller of his own white child, and Jackson the purchaser. The latter is a church member and exhorter in holy things, and yet treated the female most shamefully. She was the only *servant* about the house, or in the field of Jackson, and was compelled to perform the most laborious and menial drudgery! As to Fann, he is said to be a rowdy of the lowest class, and is now lying in open concubinage, in the neighbourhood of the Wynnton *Female* Academy, having selected that quiet and respectable village as a "city of refuge" from the lynching threatened him in Girard, if he did not leave the latter place with despatch!

☞ We are compelled to omit again this week, for want of room, our usual summary of Foreign News, which for the last two weeks has been of so interesting a character that a meagre account of it would be quite as unsatisfactory as none.

Domestic Correspondence.

Letter from A. K. Foster.

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR.

The annual call for aid to the National Bazaar, from the little band who have laboured so earnestly and cheerfully for the last fifteen years, amid every species of trial, has become so much a matter of course, that I fear it fails so to move the hearts of the mass of those who claim to be emphatically the friends of the slave as to induce them to respond to that call. Yet I am happy to be able to say, there are some who are up and doing. In our recent sojourn on Long Island, we found a sewing circle at the Manhassett Boarding School, busily at work for the next Bazaar. Our ever vigilant friend, George Doughty, has three daughters at that school, and it was through his efforts and generous donations that the enterprise was started.

The pecuniary aid afforded by such circles, though of great importance, yet their indirect influences are incalculable. He alone who sees the end from the beginning can know what noble purposes may be formed, and what grand results may be consummated by the young hearts at Manhassett, whose sympathies for the bondman would, perhaps, never have been called forth, but for their engaging in this labour of love. We cannot make a sacrifice in any cause of benovolence without loving that cause better, as well as making ourselves happier; and when we remember what "a great matter a little fire kindleth," we should not despise the day of small things," but each woman of us who can, by any possibility do so, should immediately start an Anti Slavery Sewing Circle, (if I may be allowed so to call it), even should no one join it but herself. If the individual can get help, so much the better; but let no one refuse to make an effort even if she be compelled to make it alone. The fact of her individual devotedness will do something against Slavery in her own neighbourhood. Those who see her sympathy but withold their own, will through her example, have the gospel preached unto them. I have called specially on women, but I hope no man will feel there is nothing for him to do. The contributions from the farm and the workshop are even most acceptable at the Bazaar, and command a ready sale.

To the friend whose eye may chance to rest on this article I would say, pray do not excuse yourself on the plea that you have too much on your hands already. Can you not spare a half day in the week for those who are robbed of all their days, and whose existence is rendered a curse? They are holding out their imploring hands and pleading for help. Surely you cannot be indifferent to their sufferings and to our country's shame.

Let Eastern New York join hands with Massachusetts, and make the evening Bazaar an occasion of deeper interest and greater pecuniary profit than any of its predecessors have been.—ABBY KELLY FOSTER.

General Intelligence.

CHOLERA—WEEKLY REPORT.—The city Inspector's report for the last week is as follows:

In the city and County of New York, from the 21st day of July to the 28th day of July, 1849.
Men, 366; Women, 398; Boys, 329; Girls, 259.—Total, 1, 352.

DISEASES.	
Cholera,	692
Cholera Morbus,	24
Cholera Infantum,	108
Diarrhœa,	49
Dysentery,	79
Total,	952
By all other diseases,	400

Bentonism at the South.

The *N. O. Crescent* gives the following abstract of a report of a public meeting at Marshall, Texas:

Gens. Houston and Rusk, Senators in Congress from the State of Texas appeared at a public meeting in Marshall, Texas, on the 14th inst. and addressed the people at length on the public questions of the day.—Both had refused to sign the Southern Address; and one, Gen. Houston, had voted for the Oregon bill, which contains a recognition of the Ordinance of 1787, relating to Slavery. Both defended their votes, and enlarged upon the grounds for justification.

Gen. Rusk spoke first, and most fully. After reviewing the general, political and party topics, he came to the Slave question, and replied to the charge that in refusing to sign the Southern Address he had deserted the South, or failed in his duty as a thorough and true Southern man. He had never wavered in his allegiance, even so far as to admit, as others had done, that Slavery is an evil. But he would sooner have forfeited his seat in Congress than sign the Address. He wished to cast no reflections on those who did sign it, nor on the distinguished writer, Mr. Calhoun; but he would not be any man's follower, or pin his faith on any man's sleeve, against his own judgment. He objected to the tone of the Address, and to its assumption of the imminent importance of the crisis. If what is stated on that subject were true, Gen. Rusk says that the men who signed it would be dishonoured if they did not fight; and yet, did any one believe such a time had arrived? He would sign no such "dangerous absurdity." Beside, the Address proposed nothing but to be prepared to defend the rights of the South, which was too indefinite, and might be understood to mean Disunion and War. He would agree to nothing of the kind. There were passages in the Address which declared in substance that unless the North ceased its course of aggression, the slaves would assume the place of the whites, and the whites become degraded like slaves. He did not believe any such thing, and would not sign it.

Gen Rusk dwelt on the subject of Disunion. It was said that Disunion was not intended. Gen. Rusk says it should not be intimated Threatening was bad policy He would not turn his back upon the North, which contained some true friends—and he instanced Mr. Dallas of Pennsylvania. He spoke warmly on the blessings of the Union, and declared that, should it be broken, there was no hope of reconstructing any Government so good.

Gen. Houston followed Gen. Rusk, in a more direct and impassioned harangue—assailing his personal opponents, and adopting the tone of Col. Benton toward Mr. Calhoun as a great mischief maker He defended his vote for Oregon as one given in good faith, for the sake of people who had gone where the United States owed them protection. They demanded their heritage and birth-right; and in responding to them he had observed the Missouri Compromise on the 36 degrees 30 minutes. There he planted his foot, and he would not yield an inch further. He said he did not fear the Wilmot Proviso. The day had never yet been when it could have become a law. If it were ever passed, he looked to the President to arrest it with a veto.—But if even the President should approve it, he would have tried lawful and constitutional means to arrest it; and then talked *Committee of Vigilance and Safety!* He said Mr. Calhoun had made charges against him. But Mr Calhoun had been known more than once to kill off his friends, while he was never yet known to kill an enemy. He (Mr. H.) would abide, at all hazards, the Missouri Compromise. The North and South were both pledged to abide by it. If ever he (Mr. H.) had abandoned the South, it was when he voted with the Senator for Annexation, thereby curtailing slave territory by becoming a party to the compact which fixed 36 degrees 30 minutes as the limit of slave territory. He reviewed Mr. Calhoun's history—commented, with much severity, upon his whole political course; his support of Nullification; his opposition to General Jackson; his conduct toward Texas; his opposition to the Mexican War, and his disunion motives in the Southern Address. Gen. Houston said that he refused to sign the Address, because it was put forth as an appeal to the South. It was sectional, and therefore fanatical. It was not addressed to the people of the Union. It was calculated to endanger the preservation of the Union. We, (said Mr. H.) must preserve the Union. We must not consent to see it severed. He could not, would not, consent to it; and if Texas wanted a Senator so to act, she must send another in his stead. He would not lend a voice or hand to impair the fair fabric. The Union never could outlive his hopes.

Mr. Houston concluded with a jesting allusion to his own former reputation. He said he once had a bad name, and then nobody wanted to rob him of it—and that since he had reformed, and won something of a good name, there were a good many adversaries who were striving to take it away.

These speeches we have condensed from a report in the *Texas* [Marshall] *Republican* of the 29th ult. The Editor dissents from the position of both Senators, and thinks they have departed from the Democratic faith, and do not truly represent the South.

The indications from this open movement, on the part of these Senators are pretty clear that they will go mainly with Col. Benton in opposition to any concerted movement on the part of the South against the enforcement of the Wilmot Proviso. Neither of them will vote for it; nor are we by any means clear that Mr. Benton ever declared his purpose to vote for it.

A large meeting of the Democracy of Platte County, Mo. [Senator Atchinson's District,] passed the follow resolutions:

Resolved, That whereas Hon. T. H. Benton stood by the Constitution and the country in 1832, in opposition to the nullification principles of J. C. Calhoun and South Carolina, that we now, in the year 1849, stand by him and his principles in this, his day of persecution, believing, as we do, in his willingness to promote the true interests of Missouri, and maintain her constitutional rights. We look to him as one of the ancient land-marks of liberty—long may he stand on the battlements to guard the citadel of liberty, with his sleepless vigilance, against corrupt abolition disunionists and nullifiers.

The *Vicksburg*, [*Miss.*] *Sentinel* has the following paragraph, indicating how the wind blows in that quarter:

MR. WALKER.—A report has reached us, said to be well authenticated, that Hon. R. J. Walker has publicly declared his approval of the course and opinions of Mr Benton—in other words, that he is in favour of the Wilmot proviso, and the application of "Free Soil" doctrines to the new Territories. We are not prepared to believe this, but it comes to us from such a source as to justify the mentioning of it in our columns.

But how much importance we may give to these movements in favonr of *Bentonism* we may judge from two Resolutions passed at a public meeting held at St. Francisville, La. which avowed its determination to stand by the Missouri Senator. They are as follows:

Resolved, That this Union is composed of separate and distinct sovereignties, bound together by their common consent and for their common weal; that all powers not ceded by the several States to the Federal Government are inhibited by the Constitution; that it is a sound rule of political construction not to furnish by implication, powers to the General Government, the grant of which is doubtful from the letter of its charter; and that every departure from the obvious principles of the Constitution has resulted in consequences detrimental to the interests of the Commonwealth, and dangerous to the stability of our institutions.

Resolved, That the territoties of the United States, whether won by our common blood, or purchased by our common treeasure, are the joint property of all; that Congress has no rightful authority to enact laws concerning such territories that would impair the property or rights or the citizens of any State in the Confederacy; and that to interfere with the question of Slavery, in any shape, is a down-right violation of the Constitution, and a breach of the compact upon which we entered the Union

Father Mathew has administered the pledge in Brooklyn to seven thousand five hundred persons.

Hon. Amos Tuck.—This gentleman was announced as going by the Canada to attend the Peace Congress in Paris, but was deterred by illness. The last *Dover* (N. H.) *Star* says he is now dangerously sick, and his physicians have but little hope of his recovery

Charge of Kidnapping.—Rumour has been busy for some days past with the details of a transaction which, it true, will bring down upon the parties concerned the strong arm of the law. Let those who are implicated in the charge come forward and defend themselves, if innocent; but if the outrage, as detailed to us, has been perpetrated, the authorities should act promptly, and vindicate to the utmost of their power the violated laws of the land. The circumstances are said to be these: Francisco Rey, late a jailor in Havana, having connived at the escape of three State prisoners, and thus forfeited his life to the law, came to this city, bringing with him some $18000 of his own funds. The Government sent secret emissaries to snatch him from the protection of our flag, and bear him back to death. The Spanish Consul resident here is charged with having assisted in the infamous work. Rey was decoyed from his house, made so drunk that he was unconscious of the design upon his liberty, and then placed on board a schooner commanded by Capt. M'Connell, and sent in irons to Havana. We wait to hear from the Spanish Consul relative to this charge, and forbear comment.—*N. O. Crescent*, 17th.

The Slave Trade.—The following is an extract from a letter dated Port Praya, Cape de Verds, June 12th, published in the Salem Register:

"The republic (of Monrovia) has just got through with the New Cess War, which was undertaken to drive a notorious slaver from that place. The Monrovians captured the Spaniards, burned their factories, and have, I believe, effectually broken up the horrible trade at that place. The English have broken up the slave stations at Gallinas and Cape Mount, by burning their factories and killing some of those who opposed their landing. The Spaniards have sued Admiral Hotham for damages. The principal factories on this part of the coast are now broken up, but there are many by-places where slavers can easily obtain a cargo, and it is almost impossible to prevent them; for such is their despatch, that, in three or four hours they will take in six hundred slaves, and by daylight be out of sight of land. Should a man-of-war be cruising in the neighbourhood, the slaves are put in canoes, in irons, and sent up or down the coast, to some convenient place for shipment Not long since, a canoe load of them were capsized on their way from Cape Mount to New Cess, and the whole of them drowned, and a few days afterwards their bodies were washed up on the beach, in irons."

Fast Day.—In accordance with the recommendation of the President, Gov. FISH has issued the following Proclamation:

STATE OF NEW YORK }
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, Albany, July 23, 1849. }

Whereas the President of the United States has seen fit to issue a recommendation, that the first Friday in August next be observed throughout the United States as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer: and as I believe that recommendation to be in accordance with the sentiment and feelings of the People of this State, who recognize it as a fit and becoming duty of a Christian nation, when overtaken by a public calamity, to bow be-neath the dispensation of Divine Providence, and while considering our own unworthiness, and the frailty and uncertainty of this life to acknowledge the goodness of Almighty God in time past, and to supplicate His merciful interposition in the time of trouble, and His protection for the future.

Now, therefore, I deem it right and proper to unite with the Chief Magistracy of the Union in earnestly recommending to the People of this State to observe Friday, the third day of August next, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, when persons of all religious denominations may assemble in their respective places of public worship, and unite in imploring the Almighty Ruler, in His own good time, to withdraw the grievous sickness with which, in His wisdom, He has seen fit to afflict us, and to restore to us the inappreciable blessing of public health.

HAMILTON FISH.

Gov. Dana, of Maine, in Trouble.—It will be remembered, (says the *Evening Post*) that this official, disregarding the sentiment of his own State on the subject of Slavery, chose, in his inaugural message, some months since, to adopt the doctrines of Mr. Cass on that subject. The legislature took an early opportunity of rapping his knuckles, by the passage of a series of resolutions instructing their members in Congress to lose no opportunity of pressing the Proviso into any form of Government to be provided for the new territories, and directing the Governor to sign and transmit them to the Governors of the several States of this Union.

We learn from the *Portland Inquirer* that on the 17th, a message was received from the Governor, in which he refuses to sign the resolutions. He says that he would have been willing to transmit the resolutions to "the Governors of the several States of the Union," if they had been presented to him in the ordinary manner; but as they had been sent to him by the Senate for his approval and signature, the message from that body was evidently intended to request him to subscribe to opinions "diametrically opposed to those he had officially expressed"

The message was ordered to be printed. This conflict between these two branches of the Government will prove eminently favourable to the progress of sound opinion upon the subject of freedom in the territories.

Died.

In this City, on Tuesday evening, the 31st inst. CATHERINE ANNA, youngest daughter of the late Catherine, and Thomas Hamilton, aged 9 months.

July 16, on the Hudson River Railroad, near Peekskill, CALVIN CARMACHAEL, of South Middletown, Orange Co. aged 55 years. He has been a heavy contractor on this as well as on the N. Y. & Erie Railroad, and leaves a large family of small children and numerous friends to mourn his loss.

At Thompson, Conn. July 19, Rev. DANIEL DOW, aged 57, one of the Corporation of Yale College, and for 53 years pastor of the Congregational Church in Thompson.

In Philadelphia, on the 26th ultimo. DANIEL J. DESMOND, for many years Consul of several of the Italian States to Philadelphia.

On the 27th inst. at Cambridge, Mass. WILLIAM MANNING, in the 84th year of his age. He was the oldest printer in the State, having been a member of the old firm of Manning & Loring publishers in Spring Lane, Boston. He was afterwards Messenger to the Governor and Council at the State House.

At Middlesex, Mass. on the 24th inst. ELIAS PHINNEY, Clerk of the Supreme Court and Court of Common Pleas in Middlesex district.

Of Cholera at his residence on Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati July 4th, JOHN P. CORNELL, Esq. aged 38, after a few hours' illness

At Chicago, Ill. on the 22d instant, JAMES G. CARTER, Esq. of Lancaster, Mass.

At his residence, in Cold Spring, Putnam Co. N. Y. on Saturday, July 28, of bilious fever, after an illness of nearly 2 weeks, Hon. CORNELIUS WARREN, in the 68th year of his age, a Representative in the 1st Congress of the United States from the Counties of Dutchess and Putnam.

At the residence of his son-in-law Gen. John A. Dix, at Port Chester, Westchester county, on Sunday 28th instant, Hon. JOHN I. MORGAN, of this city, in the 81st year of his age.

At Cliefden-park, near Maiden-head, [England], J. KAY MACKENZIE, Esq.

At Paris, France. Rev. THOS. WARNER, formerly chaplain at West Point Academy, and son of the late Jason Warner, of Canada, Columbia co. N. Y.

Acknowledgements.

For the Standard from June 21 to August 1.

469	Amos Collins, Westerly, R. I.	$1 00
485	Charles Perry, "	2 00
471	Isaac Austin, Nantucket, Mass.	1 00
520	F. G. Shaw, New York,	5 00
478	Hugh D. Thorn, Manengo, N. Y.	1 00
524	John H. Woodgate, N. Y.	2 00
523	Anna W. Cotton, Boston, Mass.	2 00
520	Mary Ann Babcock, "	2 00
520	Samuel Barney, Nantucket. Mass.	2 00
520	Nathaniel Barney, Weedsfort, N. Y.	2 00
519	S. G. Andrews, Bradford, N. H.	2 00
520	H. H. Johnson, Millport, N. Y.	1 00
494	D. Carmichael, "	0 50
494	J. A. Dana, "	0 50
477	John Johnson, Fredonia, O.	2 00
503	L. Wilson, Cleaveland, O.	1 00
494	Jonathan Mingo, Flushing, L. I.	1 00
500	L. F. Platt, Jamaica, L. I	1 00
476	K. Mason Martville N. Y.	2 00
520	James F. Clark, Boston, Mass.	2 00
520	Joseph Carpenter, New Rochelle, N. Y.	2 00
479	Theresa Thomas, Boston, Mass.	2 00
476	John Mitchell, Port Byron, N. Y.	2 00
478	Chauncy Harmnon, Randolph. O.	2 00
469	B Tallman, Portsmouth, R. I.	3 00
527	A D. Green, Williamsburgh, N. Y.	2 00
527	Geo. H. Baxter, Boston, Mass.	2 00
523	Sarah A. Allen, Boston, Mass.	2 00
572	C. K. Whipple, Boston, Mass.	4 00
477	G M Cooper, Williamson, N. Y.	2 00
525	J. Francis North Bristol N. Y.	4 00
599	Austin Flint. Leicester, Mass.	3 00
476	Lewis Benedict, Lowell, Wis	2 00
512	John Wilbur, North Easton, N. Y.	2 00
495	Henry Chase, Kings Ferry, N. Y.	2 00
521	E. F. Burnham, Danvers, Mass.	4 00
530	Valentine H. Hallock, North East Centre NY.	2 00
504	John Bulkley, Marlborough, N. Y.	1 00
525	Mrs. North, Deerfield, Mass.	2 00
509	Female A. S. Society, Dedham, Mass.	2 00
521	F. W. Bird, East Walpole, Mass.	2 00
472	Wm. Johnson New York City,	2 00
530	John Russell, Salem Mass.	2 00
479	Jesse Wright. Peaville. Ia	2 00
510	Danl. Pound Prairie du Sac, Wis	2 00
514	H. & A. Parmenter, Newport R. I.	2 00

Donations to the American A. S. Society.

Elizabeth Pease, Darlington. England,		$96 00
Thomas Sturge, Northfleet, England,		484 44
Esther Sturge,	" "	
Samuel Sturge,	" "	
George Sturge,	" "	

Donations

For Eastern New York Agencies.

George Doughty, Flushing. L. I.		$10 75
Joseph Carpenter, New Rochelle,		10 00

Donations for the Anti-Slavery Bugle.

Jacob Pierce,	"	5 00
Allen Agnew	"	15 00

ERRATUM.—In the Standard of June 28, a donation to the Am. A. S. Society, of $200 is credited to Wendell Phillips, Boston, which should have been credited to E. M Davis, Philadelphia.

THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN.

To the Abolitionists of Ohio:

We propose to convene our meetings in the large tent this Summer, on the 14th. of August, as Massillon; next at Malborough, and then at Salem, if the time does not interfere with the Yearly Meeting of Friends at that place.—We wish also to raise the Tent at Youngstown. New Lyme. Chagrin Falls, and Ravena and in one place west of the Cuyahoga, if the friends in those places think it desirable. Will they please signify their assent, or dissent, by letters to James Barnaby or the Editor of the *Bugle*.

If the friends of the cause approve of the arrangement, wherever the Tent is raised we will hold an Anti Slavery Meeting, or Convention, one day and part of another, and keep the Tent standing a day for the purposes of a social gathering or Pic Nic, and addresses from Henry C. Wright and others to the children, and also to the grown, as may seem best. Such a gathering in the Tent last year at Marlborough with a Pic Nic and addresses from H. C. Wright and C. C. Burleigh to the children, was the occasion of one of the most interesting times I ever witnessed, and perhaps the day could not have been more profitably spent.

What say you, friends? Please let us know your minds. Other meetings will be held at various points which cannot yet well be determined on, but at which we do not propose to use the Tent; but if there are other places than those mentioned where the friends wish it used, they will please make application by letter to Salem.

SAM'L BROOKE.

Northampton, Mass. June 10, 1849.

[It is understood that PARKER PILLSBURY, HENRY C WRIGHT, and others, will attend the meetings above referred to. The time named for the gathering in Salem it is thought will be too near Friends' Yearly Meeting; but that can be arranged hereafter.—ED. BUGLE.]

WESTERN ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

ENCOURAGED by the success of the past, and hopeful of still greater success in the future, we propose to hold a FAIR at RAVENNA the second week in September: the proceeds of which, as heretofore, will be placed in the Treasury of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

Sewing circles are in operation in various places, making preparation for the proposed Fair, and as is so expected, from our friends in the East,—and we earnestly ask that all who are interested in behalf of the slave and favourable to the objects of the W. A. S. Soc. will send in their contributions.

Ann C. Shreve, Massilon.
Lydia Irish, New Lisbon,
Julia Briggs, "
Martha Ann Griffith, "
Rachel Trescott, Salem,
Margaret Hise, "
Jane M. Trescott "
J. Elizabeth Jones, "
Mary A. Demming, New Lyme,
Laura Deming,
Sarah Armstrong, Columbiana,
E. Holmes, "
E. Stedman, Randolph,
Suffrona Smalley, "
Cynthia Price, "
Jane Paxon, New Garden,
R. S. Thomas, Marlboro,
Eliza Smith, Mecca,
Mrs. Whitmore, Andover,
Mary Whiting, Canton,
Susan Grant, "
Cornelia Cowles, Austinburg,
J. S. Griffing, Litchfield,
Jenette Brooker. "

West India Emancipation: THE JUBILEE.

At a special meeting of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, held on the 7th inst., it was unanimously voted, that the anniversary of WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION be celebrated by the Society with appropriate ceremonies; that the place selected for this purpose be WORCESTER, '*the heart of the Commonwealth*;' that all those who rejoice at the overthrow of West India Slavery, and who desire to see the same iniquitous system speedily abolished in this country, be invited to attend *en masse* at the time and place specified; and that, ☞ inasmuch as the President of the United States, ZACHARY TAYLOR, has recommended the national observance of FRIDAY, the 3d of August, as a day of fasting on account of the Cholera, *it is advisable to substitute that day for the 1st*—seeing that it is an abomination in the sight of Heaven for those who are smiting with the fist of wickedness, oppressing the poor, and plundering the needy, to bow down their heads, as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under them—and feeling assured that the only fast which God has chosen is to 'loose the bands of wickedness, to undo

Miscellany.

THE MAIDEN AND MARRIED LIFE OF MARY POWELL AFTERWARDS MISTRESS [JOHN] MILTON.

[*Journal Concluded.*]

Wednesday.—I have nobodie now but you, to whom to tell my little griefs; indeede, before I married, I know not that I had anie; and even now, they are very, small, onlie they are soe new, that sometimes my heart is like to burst.

—I know not whether 'tis safe to put them alle on paper, onlie it relieves for ye time, and it kills time, and perhaps a little while hence I may looke back and see how small they were, and how they might have beene shunned, or better borne. 'Tis worth ye triall.

—Yesterday morn, for very weariness, I looked alle over my linen and Mr. Milton's, to see could I finde anie thing to mend; but there was not a stitch amiss. I would have played on ye spinnette, but was afrayd he should hear my indifferent musick. Then, as a last resource, I tooke a book—Paul Perrin's Historie of ye Waldenses; and was, I believe, dozing a little when I was aware of a continuall whispering and crying. I thought 'twas some child in ye street; and, having made comfits in my pocket, I stept softlie out to ye house-door and lookt forth. but no child could I see. Coming back, ye door of my husband's studdy being ajar, I was advised to look in; and saw him with awfulle brow, raising his hand in ye very act to strike ye youngest Phillips. I could never endure to see a child struck, soe hastilie cryed out, "Oh, don't!"—whereon he rose, and, as if not seeing me, gently closed ye door, and, before I reached my chamber, I hearde so loud a crying that I began to cry too. Soon, alle was quiet; and my husband, coming in, stept gently up to me, and putting his arm about my neck, sayd, "My dearest life, never agayn, I beseech you, interfere between me and the boys; 'tis as unseemlie as tho' I should interfere between you and your maids—when you have any—and will weaken my hands, dear Moll, more than you have anie suspicion of."

I replied, kissing that same offending member as I spoke, "Poor Jack would have beene glad, just now, if I had weakened them."—"But that is not the question," he returned, "for we should alle be glad to escape necessary punishment; whereas, it is the power, not the penalty of our bad habits, that we shoulde seek to be delivered from."—"There may," I sayd, "be necessary, but need not be corporal punishment." That is as may be," returned he, "and hath alreadie been settled by an authoritie to which I submit, and partly think you will not dispute, and that is, the word of God. Pain of body is in realitie, or ought to be, sooner over and more safelie borne than pain of an ingenuous mind; and, as to ye shame—why, as Lorenzo de Medici sayd to Soccini, 'The shame is in the offence rather than in the punishment.'"

I replied, "Our Robin had never beene beaten for his studdies;" to which he sayd with a smile, that even I must admit Robin to be one great scholar, And so in good humour left me; but I was in no good humour, and hoped heaven might never make me the mother of a son, for if I sd see Mr. Milton strike him, I should learn to hate ye father.

Learning there was like to be companie at Doctor Davies, I was advised to put on my brave greene satin gown; and my husband sayd it became me well, and that I onlie needed some primroses and cowslips in my lap, to look like May;—and somewhat he added about mine eyes, "clear shining after rain," which advised me he had perceived I had beene crying in the morning, which I had hoped he had not.

Arriving at ye Doctor's house, we were shown into an emptie chamber; at least, emptie of companie but full of everything else; for there were books, and globes, and stringed and wind instruments, and stuffed birds and beasts, and things I know not soe much as ye names of, besides an easel with a painting by Mrs. Mildred on it, which she meant to be seene, or she wouldе have put it away. Subject, "Brutus' Judgment:" which I thought a strange unfeeling one for a woman; and did not wish to be her son. Soone she came in, drest with studdied and puritanicall plainnesse; in brown taffeta, guarded with black velvet, which became her well enough, but was scarce suited for ye season. She had much to say about limning, in which my husband could follow her better than I; and then they went to ye globes, and Copernicus, and Galileo Galilei, whom she called a martyr, but I do not. For, is a martyr one who is unwillinglie imprisoned, or who formally recants? even tho' he affecteth afterwards to say 'twas *but* a form and cries "eppure, si mouve!" The carlier Christians might have sayd 'twas but a form to burn a handfull of incense before Jove's statue; Pliny woulde have let them goe.

Afterwards, when ye Doctor came in and engaged my husband in discourse, Mistress Mildred devoted herselfe to me, and asked what progresse I had made with Bernardo Tasso. I tolde her, none at alle, for I was equallie falttie at Italiques and Italian, and onlie knew his best work tro' Mr. Fairfax's translation; whereat she fell laughing, and sayd she begged my forgivenesse, but I was confounding ye father with ye sonne; then laught agayn, but pretended 'twas not at me but at a lady I minded her of, who never could remember to distinguish betwixt Liondardo de Vinci and Lorenzo de Medici. That last name brought up ye recollection of my morning's debate with my husband, which made me feel sad; and then, Mrs. Mildred, seeminge anxious to make me forget her unmannerliness, commenced "Can you paint?"—"Can you sing?"—"Can you play the lute?"—and, at the last, "what can you do?" I mighte have sayd I coulde comb out my curls smoother than she coulde hers, but did not. Other guests came in, and talked so much agaynst prelacy and ye right divine of kings, that I woulde fain we had remained at astronomie and poetry. For supper there was little meat, and noe strong drink, onlie a thinish foreign wine, with cakes, candies, sweetmeats, fruits and confections. Such, I suppose, is town fashion. At the laste, came musick; Mistress Mildred sang and played; then prest me to do ye like, but I was soe fearfulle, I could not; so my husband sayd he would play for me; and that woulde be alle one, and soe covered my bashfullnesse handsomelie.

Onlie this morning, just before going to his studdy, he stept back and said, "Sweet Moll, I know you can both play and sing—why will you not practice?" I replyed, I loved it not much. He rejoined, "But you know I love it, and is not that a motive?" I sayd, I feared to let him hear me, I played so ill. "Why, that is ye very reason you shoulde seek to play better, and I am sure you have plenty of time. Perhaps in your whole future life, you will not have such a season of leisure as you have now—a golden opportunity, which you will surelie seize."—Then added, "Sir Thomas More's wife, learnt to play ye lute, soly that she mighte please her husband." I answered, "Nay, what to tell me of Sir Thomas More's wife, or of Hugh Grotius's wife, when I was the wife of John Milton?" He looked at me twice, and quicklie, too, at this saying; then laughing, cried, "Your clearing mischief! I hardlie know whether to take that speech amiss or well—however, you shall have the benefit of the doubt."

And so away laughing; and I, for for very shame, sat down to ye spinnette for two wearie hours, till soe tired, I could cry; and when I desisted, coulde hear Jack wailing over his task. 'Tis raining fast, I cannot get out, nor should I dare to go alone, nor where to go to if 'twere fine. I fancy ill smells from ye church-yard—'tis long to dinner-time, with noe change, no exercise; and oh, I sigh for Forest Hill!

—A dull dinner with Mrs. Phillips, whom I like not much. Christopher Milton there, who stared hard at me, and put me out of countenance with his strange questions. My husband checked him. He is a lawyer and has wit enoughe.

Mrs. Phillips speaking of second marriages, I unawares hurt her by giving my voice agaynst them. It seems she is thinking of contracting a second marriage.

At supper, wishing to ingratiate myself with ye boys, talked to them of countrie sports, etc.: to which the youngest listended greedilie; and at length I was advised to ask them woulde they not like to see Forest Hill? to which ye eldest replied in his most methodicall manner, "If Mr. Powell has a good library." For this piece of hypocrisie, at which I heartilie laught, he was commended by his uncle. Hypocrisie it was; for Master Ned cryeth over his taskes pretty nearlie as oft as ye youngest.

Friday.—To rewarde my zealous practice to-day on ye spinnette, Mr. Milton procured a collection of "Ayres and Dialogues, for one, two, and three voices," by his friend Mr. Harry Lawes, which he sayd I shoulde finde very pleasant studdy; and then he told me alle about theire getting up ye masque of Comus in Ludlow castle, and how well ye Lady's song was sung by Mr. Lawes' pupil, the Lady Alice, then a sweet, modest girl, onlie thirteen yeares of age—and he told me of ye singing of a faire Italian young Signora, named Leonora Barroni, with her mother and sister, whome he had hearde at Rome, at ye concerts of Cardinal Barberini; and how she was "as gentle and modest as sweet Moll, yet not afrayd to open her mouth, and pronounce everie syllable distinctlie, and with ye proper emphasis and passion when she sang. And after this, to my greate contentment, he took me to ye Gray's Inn Walks, where, the afternoon being fine, was much companie.

After supper, I proposed to the boys that we shoulde tell stories; and Mr. Milton tolde one charminglie, but then went away to write a Latin letter. Soe Ned's turn came next; and I must, if I can, for very mirthe's sake, write it down in exact words, they were so pragmaticall.

"On a daye, there was a certain childe wandered forthe, that would play. He met a bee, and sayd, 'Bee, wilt thou play with me!' The bee sayd, 'No; I have my duties to perform, tho' you, it woulde seeme, have none. I must away to make honey.'—Then ye childe, abasht, went to ye ant. He said, 'Will you play with me, ant?' The ant replied, 'Nay; I must provide against ye winter.' In shorte, he found that everie bird, beaste, and insect he accosted, had a closer eye to ye purpose of their creation than himselfe. Then he sayd, 'I will then back, and con my task.' Moral: The moral of ye foregoing fable, my deare aunt, is this, "We must love work better than play."

With alle my interest for children, how is it possible to take anie interest in soe formal a little prigge?

Saturday—I have just done somewhat for Master Ned which he coulde not doe for himselfe—viz. tenderly bound up his hand, which he had badly cut.—Wiping away some few naturall tears, he must needs say, "I am quite ashamed, aunt, you shoulde see me cry; but ye worst of it is, that alle this payne has been for noe good; whereas, when my uncle beateth me for misconstruing my Latin, tho' I cry at ye time, all ye while I know it is for my advantage." If this boy goes on preaching soe, I shall soon hate him.

—Mr. Milton having stepped out before supper, came back looking so blythe, that I askt if he had hearde good news. He sayd, yes: that some friends had long been persuading him, against his will, to make publick some of his Latin poems; and that, having at length consented to their wishes, he had beene with Mosley ye publisher in St. Paul's churchyard, who agreed to print them. I sayd, I was sorrie I shoulde be unable to reade them. He sayd he was sorry too; he must translate them for me. I thanked him, but observed that translations were never soe good as originalls. He rejoined, "Nor am I even a good translater." I askt, "Why not write in your own tongue?" He sayd, "Latin is understood all over ye worlde." I sayd, "But there are manie in your owne country do not understand it." He was silent so long upon that, that I supposed he did not mean to answer me; but then cried, "You are right, sweet Moll. Our best writers have written their best works in English, and I will hereafter doe ye same—for I feel that my best work is still *to come*. Poetry hath hitherto been with me rather ye recreation of a mind conscious of its health, than ye deliberate taste-work of a soule that must hereafter give an account of its talents. Yet my mind, in ye free circuit of her musing, has ranged over a thousand themes that lie, like ye marble in ye quarry, readie for anie shape that fancy and skill may give. Neither laziness nor caprice makes me difficult in my choice; for ye longer I am in selecting my tree, and laying my axe to ye root, the sounder it will be and the riper for use. Nor is an undertaking that shall be one of high duty, to be entered upon without prayer and discipline:—it woulde be presumption indeede, to commence an enterprize which I meant shoulde delighte and profit every instructed and elevated mind, without so much paynes-takinge as it should cost a poor mountebank to balance a pole on his chin."

Sunday even.—In ye clouds agayn. At dinner todaye, Mr. Milton catechised ye boys on ye morning's sermon, ye heads of which, though amounting to a dozen, Ned tolde off roundlie. Roguish little Jack looked slylie at me, says, "Aunt coulde not tell of ye sermon." "Why not?" says his uncle. "Because she was sleeping," says Jack. Provoked with ye child, I turned scarlett, and hastilie sayd, "I was not." Nobodie spoke; but I repented the falsitie the moment it had escaped me; and there was Ned, a folding of his hands, drawing down his mouth, and closing his eyes. * * * My husband tooke me to taske for it when we were alone, soe tenderlie that I wept.

Monday.—Jack sayd this morning, "I know something—I know aunt keeps a journall." "And a good thing if you kept one too, Jack," sayd his uncle, "it would show you how little you doe." Jack was silenced; but Ned, pursing up his mouth, says, "I can't think what aunt can have to put in a journall—should not you like, uncle, to see?" "No, Ned," says his uncle, "I am upon honour, and your dear aunt's journall is as safe, for me, at the golden bracelets that King Alfred hung upon ye high-way. I am glad she has such a resource, and, as we know she cannot have much news to put in it, we may the more safely rely that it is a treasury of sweet, and high, and holy, and profitable thoughtes."

Oh, how deeplie I blusht at this ill-deserved prayse! How sorrie I was that I had ever registered aught that he woulde grieve to read! I secretly resolved that this daye's journalling so be ye last, until I had attained a better frame of mind.

Saturday even.—I have kept silence, yea, even from good words, but it has beene a payn and griefe unto me. Good Mistress Catherine Thompson called on me a few dayes back, and spoke so wisely and so wholesomelie concerning my lot, and ye way to make it happy, (she is ye first that hath spoken as if 't were possible it mighte not be soe alreadie,) that I felt for a season quite heartened; but it has alle faded away. Because ye source of cheerfulnesse is not *in* me, anie more than in a dull landskip, which the sun lighteneth for awhile, and when he has set, its beauty is gone.

Oh me! how merrie I was at home!—The source of cheerfulnesse seemed in me *then*, and why is it not *now*? Partly because alle that I was there taught to think right, is here thought wrong; because much that I there thonght harmlesse, is here thought sinfulle; because I cannot get at anie of ye things that employed and interested me *there*, and because ye things within my reach *here* do not interest me. Then 't is no small thing to be continually deemed ignorant and misinformed, and to have one's error's continualie covered, however handsomelie, even before children. To say nothing of ye weight upon ye spiritts at firste, from change of ayre, and diet, and scene, and loss of habituall exercise and companie and householde cares. These petty griefs try me sorelie; and when cousin Ralph came in unexpectedlie this morn, tho' I never much cared for him at home, yet the sighte of Rose's brother, fresh from Sheepscote and Oxford and Forest Hill, soe upset me that I sank into tears. No wonder that Mr. Milton, then coming in, shoulde hastilie enquire if Ralph had brought ill tidings from home; and, finding alle was well there, shoulde looke strangelie. He askt Ralph, however, to stay to dinner; and we had much talk of home; but now I regret having omitted to ask a thousand questions.

Sunday even. Aug. 15.—Mr. Milton in his closet, and I in my chamber.—For ye first time he seems this evening to have founde out how dissimilar are our minds. Meaning to please him, I sayd, "I kept awake bravelie, to-nighte, through that long, long sermon, for your sake." "And why not for God's sake?" cried he, "why not for your own sake?—Oh, sweet wife, I fear you have yet much to learn of ye depth of happinesse that is comprised in the communion between a forgiven soul and its Creator. It hallows the most secular as well as the most spiritual employments; it gives pleasure that has no after bitterness; it gives pleasure to God—and oh! thinke of ye depth of meaning in those words! think what it is for us to be capable of giving God pleasure!"

—Much more, in the same vein! to which I could not with equal power, respond; soe, he away to his study, to pray perhaps for my change of heart, and I to my bed.

LONDON, Mr. Russell's, Taylor, St. Bride's Churchyard.

Oh heaven! is this my new home? my heart sinkes alreadie. After ye swete fresh ayre of Sheepscote, and ye cleanliness, and ye quiet and ye pleasant smells, sightes, and sounds, all whereof Mr. Milton enjoyed to ye full as keenlie as I, saying they minded him of Paradise—how woulde Rose pitie me, could she view me in this close chamber, the floor whereof, of dark, uneven boards, must have beene layd, methinks, three hundred years ago: the oaken pannells, utterlie destitute of polish and with sundrie chinks; the bed with dull brown hangings, lined with as dull a greene, occupying half ye space; and half ye remainder being filled with dustie books, whereof there are store, alsoe in every other place. This mirror, I sd thinke, belonged to fair Rosamond. And this arm-chair to King Lear. Over ye chimnie hangs a ruefull portrait—maybe of Grotius, but I shoulde sooner deeme it of some worthie before ye Flood,—Onlie stealing into ye dairie and dipping his fingers in ye cream, and Kate feeding the chickens, and Dick taking a stone out of Whitestar's shoe.

—Methoughte how dull it was to be passing ye best part of the summer out of ye reach of fresh ayre and greene fields, and wondered, would alle my future summers be soe spent.

Thoughte how dull it was to live in lodgings, where one od not even go into ye kitchen to make a pudding, and how dull to live in a town, without some young female friend with whom one might have ventured into ye streets, and where one could not soe much as feed colts in a paddock; how dull to be without a garden, unable soe much as to gather a handfulle of ripe cherries: and how dull to looke into a churchyarde, where there was a man digging a grave!

—When I wearied of staring at ye grave-digger, I gazed at an olde gentleman and a young lady slowlie walking along, yet scarce as if I noted them: and was thinking mostlie of Forest Hill, when I saw them stop at our doore, and presently they were shown in, by ye name of Doctor and Mistress Davies. I sent for my husband and entertayned 'em both as well as I cd, till he appeared, and they were polite and pleasant to me, the young lady tall and slender, of a cleare browne skin, and with eyes that were fine enough; onlie there was a suppresst smile on her lips alle ye time, as tho' she had seen me looking out of ye window. She tried me on all subjects, I think; for she started them more adroitlie than I; and taking up a book on the window-seat, which was ye Amidigi of Bernardo Tasso, printed all in *Italiques*, she sayd, if I loved poetry, which she was sure I must, she knew she shoulde love me. I did not tell her whether or noe. Then we were both silent. Then Doctor Davies talked vehementlie to Mr. Milton agaynst ye King; and Mr. Milton was not so contrarie to him as I cd have wished. Then Mistress Davies took ye worde from her father and beganne to talke to Mr. Milton of Tasso, and Dante, and Boiardo, and Ariosto; and then Dr. Davies and I were silent. Methoughte they both talked well, tho' I knew so little of their subject-matter; onlie they complimented each other too much. I mean not they were insincere, for each seemed to think highlie of ye other; onlie we neede not say alle we feele.

To conclude, we are to sup with them to-morrow.

Thursday—'Twas a Mr. Lawrence whom my husband brought home last nighte to sup; and ye evening passed righte pleasantlie, with news, jestes, and a little musick. To-daye, hath been kindlie devoted by Mr. Milton to showing me sights;—and oh! the strange, diverting cries in ye streets, even from earlie dawn! "New milk and curds from ye darie!"—"Olde shoes for some brooms!"—"Anie kitchen stuffe, have you, maids!"—"Come buy my greene herbes!"—and then in ye streets, hear a man preaching, there another juggling; here a boy with an ape, there a show of Nineveh; next ye news from the North; and as for ye China shops and drapers in ye Strand, and ye cooks' shops in Westminster, with the smoking ribs of beef and fresh salads set out on tables in ye street, and men in white aprons crying out "Calf's liver, tripe, and hot sheep's feet"—'twas enoughe to make one untimelie hungrie—or take one's appetite away, as ye case might be. Mr. Milton showed me ye noble minister, with King Harry Seventh's chapel adjoining; and pointed out ye old house where Ben Jonson died. Neare ye Broad Sanctuarie, we fell in with a slighte, dark-complexioned young gentleman of two or three and twenty, whome my husband espying cried, "What Marvell?" the other comically answering, "What marvel?" and then handsomlie saluting me and complimenting Mr. Milton, much lighte and pleasant discourse ensued; and, finding we were aboute to take boat, he volunteered to goe with us on ye river. After manie hour's exercise, I have come home fatigued, yet well pleased, Mr. Marvell sups with us.

Friday—I wish I could note down a tithe of ye pleasant things yt were said last nighte. First, olde Mr. Milton having stept out with his son—I called in Rachael, ye younger of Mr. Russell's serving-maids, (for we have none of our owne as yet which tends to much discomfiture,) and, with her aide, I dusted the bookes and sett them in half ye space they had occupied; then cleared away three large basketfuls, of ye absolutest rubbish, torn letters and ye like, and sent out for flowers, (which it seemeth strange enough to me to *buy*,) which gave the chamber a gayer aire, and so my husband sayd when he came in, calling me ye fayrest of them alle; and then, sitting down with gayety to ye organ, drew forthe from it heavenlie sounds. Afterwards Mr. Marvell came in, and they discoursed about Italy, and Mr. Milton promised his friend some letters of introduction to Jacopo Gaddi, Clementillo, and others:—

After supper, they wrote sentences, definitions, and ye like, after a fashion of Catherine de Medici, some of which I have layd aside for Rose.

—To day we have seene St, Paul's faire cathedral, and ye school where Mr. Milton was a scholar when a boy; thence, to the fields of Finsbury; where are trees and windmills enow: a place much frequented for practising archery and other manlie exercises.

Saturday—Tho' we rise betimes, olde Mr. Milton is earlier still: and I always find him sitting at his table beside ye window, (by reason of ye chamber being soe dark,) sorting I know not how manie bundles of papers tied with red tape; eache so like ye other that I marvel how he knows them aparte. This morning, I found ye poore old gentleman in sad distress at missing a manuscript song of Mr Henry Lawe's, the only copy extant, which he persuaded himself that I must have sent down to ye kitchen fire yesterday. I am convinced I dismist not a single paper that was not torne eache way, as being utterlie uselesse; but as ye unluckie song cannot be founde, he sighs and is certayn of my delinquence, as is Hubert, his owne man; or, as he more frequentlie calls him, his "odd man;"—and an odd man indeede is Mr. Hubert, readie to address his master or master's sonne on ye merest occasion, without waiting to be spoken to; tho' he expecteth others to treat them with far more deference than he himself payeth.

—Dead tired, this daye, with so much exercise; but woulde not say soe, because my husband was thinking to please me by showing me soe much. Spirits flagging however. These London streets wearie my feet. We have been over ye house in Aldergate St. the garden whereof disappointed me, having hearde soe much of it; but 't is far better than none, and ye house is large enough for Mr. Milton's familie and my father's to boote. Thought how pleasant 't would be to have them all aboute the next Christmasse; but that holie time is noe longer kept with joyfulness in London. Ventured, therefore, to express a hope, we mighte spend it at Forest Hill; but Mr. Milton sayd 't was unlikelie he sd be able to leave home; and ask't, would I go alone?—Constrained, for shame, to say no; but felt, in my heart, I woulde jump to see Forest Hill on anie terms, I soe love all that dwell there.

Sunday even.—Private and publick prayer, sermons, and psalm-singing from morn to nighte. The onlie break has been a visit to a quaint but pleasing Quaker lady, (ye first of that persuasion I have ever had speech of,) by name Catharine Thompson, whom my husband holds in great reverence. She said manie things worthy to be remembered; onlie as I remember them, I need not to write them down. Sorrie to be caught napping by husband, in ye midst of the third long sermon. This comes of over-walking, and of being unable to sleep o' nights; for whether it be ye London ayre, or ye London methods of making ye beds, or ye strange noises in the streets, I know not, but I have scarce beene able to close my eyes before daybreak since I came to town.

Monday.—And now beginneth a new life; for my husband's pupils, who were dismist for a time for my sake, returne to theire tasks this daye, and olde Mr. Milton giveth place to his two grandsons, his widowed daughter's children, Edward and John Phillips, whom my husband led in to me just now. Two plainer boys I never sett eyes on; the one weak-eyed and puny, the other prim and puritanicall—no more to be compared to our sweet Robin! * * After a few words, they retired to theire books; and my husband, taking my hand, sayd in his kindliest manner,—"And now I leave my sweete Moll to the pleasant companie of her owne goode and innocent thoughtes; and, if she needs more, here are both stringed and keyed instruments, and books both of the older and modern time, so that she will not find the hours hang heavie." Methoughte how much more I sd like a ride upon Clover than all ye books that were ever penned; for the door no sooner closed upon Mr. Milton than it seemed as tho' he had taken alle ye sunshine with him; and fell to cleaning the casement that I mighte look out ye better into ye churchyarde, and then altered tables and chairs, and then sate downe with my elbows resting on the window-seat, and my chin on ye palms of my hands, gazing on I knew not what, and feeling like a butterflie under a wine-glass.

I marvelled why it seemed so long since I was married, and wondered what they were doing at home—coulde fancy I hearde mother chiding, and see Charlie stealing into ye dairie and dipping his fingers in ye cream, and Kate feeding the chickens, and Dick taking a stone out of Whitestar's shoe.

—Methoughte how dull it was to be passing ye best part of the summer out of ye reach of fresh ayre and greene fields, and wondered, would alle my future summers be soe spent.

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To conclude, we are to sup with them to-morrow.

An 'American Traveller' in the London New Monthly Magazine, in a long account of a visit to the late Lady Blessington, thus sketches a well-known author, and most singular man:

When last I was in England, the subject which chiefly engrossed conversation, as a question of society, was the great sale at Strawberry Hill; the dispersion of the countless objects of art and *virtu* which the taste and antiquarian zeal of Horace Walpole had for half a century been occupied in collecting. Like many of my countrymen, I wandered through the pasteboard Gothic galleries of the reviver of midiæval art, criticising the man, while I admired the result of his exertions; but not without respect for his opinions as well as his talents; for Walpole was one of the few who had the wisdom to see, and the frankness to denounce the unjust policy of his government towards the colony which, happily for all parties, became so soon an independent nation. But, beyond this feeling, I sympathised little with the family of the then possessors of Strawberry Hill; and had I even been that way disposed, I heard enough from the persons I met there, to give my thoughts an opposite direction. One amongst these was a very singular man, whom I had often heard of, and now accidently encountered—the celebrated author of Vathèk, but more celebrated still as the owner of Fonthill, his own creation, and the victim of his own caprice.

No man's career has been more uniformly cast in high places than Mr. Beckford's; none had possessed more, few so many, opportunities of seeing life, and there was probably no one in England could say so much of what he had seen and known, or say it so well, as himself. I have heard that he cared less for his own countrymen than for any other people on earth, and I am inclined to think so, from the *mauvaise langue* with which he spoke of so many whom I named to him as celebrities, who had been his contemporaries in youth and middle age.

He soon discovered, perhaps from the free-spoken manner with which I questioned him on various points, that I was an American; and whether he was on that account more communicative than he otherwise would have been, or was willing to entertain me because I was a stranger, I cannot say, but he certainly put no restraint on his words, nor troubled himself much about the effect which might be caused by his anecdotes.

Towards Horace Walpole he seemed to entertain a feeling of animosity, which nearly half a century of the shrouded stillness of the grave had been unable to remove.

"I wrote a book," said he, "when I was only eighteen—not to ridicule Horace Walpole, though he thought so, and cherished a spite against me as long as he lived; but to mistify an old housekeeper of mine, who believed every word that was set down in it, and learnt it all by heart to retail it to the people who came to see my house. She was firmly persuaded, because I told her so, that Michael Angelo was a baker, whom I had set up in business at Bath, where he took to painting, and produced the work on which she used to descant to the astonished visitors. The title of the book offended Walpole, but there was nothing in it against him; it was thought amusing: a bookseller gave me a hundred and sixty guineas for it, and it had its day. "But beside that," continued Mr. Beckford, "he disliked me as a younger and rival collector." "If"—and the old man churned his words spitefully, a light foam settling from time to time on his lips, as he rapidly went on—"if he could see me here now, fixing on the things I mean to buy, he would even wish himself back again."—"Horace Walpole's taste," he added with vehemence, "was bad. He was an *offalist*."

He told a good story of the Emperor Charles VI. of Germany, which he had had from the famous Prince de Ligne, with whom he had been intimate at Brussels some sixty years before.

"The emperor," said Mr. Beckford, "had fewer brains than kings, *quand meme ils fussent Allemands*, generally have. His Lorraine-French was exquisite, and the Prince de Ligne could imitate him to the life. He was one day out walking with the great chamberlain and some other officers of his court, when it came on to rain. The emperor turned round in a state of helpless distress, and—*gueule beante*—exclaimed to the chamberlain, "Il bleut tans ma pouche!" The functionary received the intimations as if it had been the profoundest State secret; the vast resources of his mind, however, suggested a remedy. Approaching the afflicted Emperor with a low bow at every step as he drew nearer, he paused at length, and looking respectfully in the vacant face, said with the utmost gravity, "qu'il blaise a sa macheste imberaile te pien fouloir fermer sa pouche?"

The look of imbecile gratitude which Mr. Beckford put on to express the monarch's thanks, could not have been surpassed by the emperor himself, or by his witty reporter.

Of a great predecessor of the Lorraine prince—the Emperor Charles V.—Mr. Beckford spoke with more respect. We were examining a portfolio of rare prints together, and came to a portrait of the recluse of St, Just, engraved, however, from a picture when he still wore the diadems of Germany and Spain. After commentiug on his character in terms of praise, perhaps on account of his having exhausted his ambition or for his contempt of the nothingness of fame, he suddenly said. "This is a very good likeness. I can say so, for I have seen him."

"I know, sir, you have seen a great deal more than most people," I replied, smiling, "but Charles V. has been dead nearly 300 years."

"Very true," returned Mr. Beckford, "but for all that I have seen him."

He said this so positively, that I stared with astonishment, beginning to ask myself if I had got into company with the Wandering Jew.

"When I was first in Spain," pursued he, "although my visit was ostensibly for my own amusement, I had been charged by the Queen of Portugal with certain matters of importance to the Court of Spain, and more facilities were given me for seeing whatever I pleased than any foreigner had enjoyed before. I had only to express a wish, and it was immediately gratified. When I went to the Escurial, I said that I should like to see the body of Charles V. as he lay embalmed in his coffin. The tomb was consequently opened, and I saw his face as distinctly as I see yours now, as plainly as this engraving shows it. There's only one difference—the mouth had slightly fallen in, but the rest of the features were as prominent as in his lifetime. I shall never forget them."

Mr. Beckford's acquaintance with the royal family of Portugal provoked his cynical, or perhaps scandal-loving propensities.

"Few of that race," said he, "are legitimate. Don Miguel, for instance; his father was the Marquis of Marialva, not Don Joao; and the proof of it is that he is *web-footed*; the Marialvas all have that mark, like the Reine Pedauque."

How true this assertion may be, it is impossible for me to say, but Mr. Beckford asserted it as a fact which admitted of no dispute. His tone, indeed, was so confident, that had he declared Don Miguel to be a human *ornithoryncus*, I should scarcely have raised a doubt on the subject. After all, Nature indulges in so many freaks, that I see no reason why, amongst other blemishes, a few extra membranes may not become hereditary. I could repeat many more curious things which fell from this strange old man, who, at the age of eighty-two, spoke with all the fervour and energy of youth; but they would lead me too far from my subject—though the allusion to him is not altogether disconnected with the theme which more particularly occupies me, for in the same gallery where I saw Mr. Beckford, I renewed my acquaintance with the Countess of Blessington.

A new work of Professor Lyells is about to be published in this city, from which the *Evening Post* gives this among other specimens:

COLOURED PREACHER AT LOUISVILLE.—"In the evening we were taken, at our request, to a black Methodist church, where our party were the only whites in a congregation of about 400. There was nothing offensive in the atmosphere of the place, and I learned, with pleasure, that this commodious building was erected and lighted with gas by the blacks themselves, aided by subscriptions from many whites of different sects. The preacher was a full black, spoke good English, and quoted Scripture well. Occasionally he laid down some mysterious and metaphysical points of doctrine with a dogmatic air, and with a vehement confidence, which seemed to increase in proportion as the subjects transcended the hmman understanding, at which moments he occasionally elicited from his sympathising hearers, especially from some of the women, exclamations such as 'that is true,' and other signs of assent, but no loud cries and sobs, such as I had heard in a white Methodist church in Montgomery, Alabama. It appeared from his explanation of "Whose superscription is this?" that he supposed the piece of money to be a dollar note, to which Cæsar had put his signature.

"Toward the close of the discourse, the minister said 'that a protracted meeting would soon he held; but such assemblies were, in his judgment, becoming too frequent.' He also announced that on Easter Sunday there would be a love-feast, which no doubt would be very crowded, 'and where I hope you will all enjoy yourselves.' He then said, 'Sirs and madams, I have now to warn you of a serious matter, but I see many of you are nodding, and let every one wake up his neighbour. The sexton, poor man, has more than he can do.' This official, by the way, had been administering with his cane many admonitory taps on the heads of the younger part of the congregation, such as must have precluded them from napping for some time, if their skulls are not harder than those of their white brethren. There was a general stir, and two fat negro women, between whom my wife was wedged in (for the two sexes sat on separate sides,) looked to see if she was awake. 'There is a storm brewing,' said the preacher, 'owing to some late doings in Ohio, and I hope that none of the membership will get themselves into a scrape.' The exciting topic on which he then enlarged was the late seizure, or kidnapping, as it was termed, of Jerry Phinney, who, after residing some years in Ohio, had been reclaimed by the heirs of his owners, in consequence of some flaw in his letters of freedom, and brought back to Kentucky. An attempt at a rescue was for a time apprehended, but five hundred dollars were soon raised and paid to secure his release.

"When I commended the action of the black preacher as graceful, I was assured that he had successfully imitated an eminent American player who had lately performed at Louisville. 'These blacks,' said my informant, 'are such inimitable mimics, that they will sometimes go through a whole sermon in the same style as they have heard delivered by a white man, only appearing somewhat to caricature it, because they are more pompous and declamatory; which in them is quite natural, for they are a more demonstrative race than we are. If he addresses them in a plain, colloquial manner, his sermon would seem tame, and make no impression. They cannot talk about the price of a pair of shoes, or a quid of tobacco, without such gesticulations that you would fancy it was a matter of life and death they were discussing.' There was a second coloured man in the pulpit, who delivered a prayer with a strong nasal twang, and very extravagant action. The hymns were some of them in rather a wild strain, but, on the whole, not unmusical."

HERE, now, I remember an argument of Master More's, which he bringeth in a book which he made against Bilney, and here, by the way, I will tell you a merry toy. Master More was once sent in commission into Kent, to help try out, if might be, what was the cause of Goodwin Sands, and the shelf that stopped up Sandwich haven. Thither cometh Master More, and calleth the country before him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best certify him of that matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich haven. Among others came in before him an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than a hundred years old. When Master More saw this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter, for being so old a man it was likely he knew most of any man in that presence and company. So master More called this old aged man unto him, and said, "Father, tell me, if you can, what is the cause of this great rising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, the which stop it up so that no ships can arrive here? Ye are the oldest man that I can espy in all this company, so that if any man can tell the cause of it, ye of likelihood can say most of it, or at leastwise, more than any man here assembled." "Yes, forsooth, good master," quoth this old man, "for I am well nigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company anything near unto my age." "Well, then," quoth Master More, how say you in this matter? What think ye to be the cause of these shelves and flats, that stop up Sandwich haven?" "Sir," quoth he, "I am an old man; I think that Tenderdeen-steeple is the cause of Goodwin Sands; for I am an old man, Sir," quoth he, "and I may remember the building of Tenderden-steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenderden-steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven; and therefore I think that Tenderden-steeple is the cause of the destroying and decay of Sandwich haven." And so to my purpose, preaching of God's word is the cause of rebellion, as Tenderden-steeple is the cause that Sandwich haven is decayed.—*Latimer.*

THE MODERN VANDALS.—The siege of Rome by a barbarous host is not a new event in the history of the world, The Eternal City, during its long existence, has often seen the enemy at its gates; and it is remarkable how many of its most mischievous foes have been Frenchmen. Every school boy remembers the invasion of the Gauls, and may fancy, in the incident of BRENNUS throwing his sword into the scale, a type of that arbitrary and brutal interference with the course of justice, of which the Gauls of our own time have been guilty. A case more like a parallel is that of ROBERT GUISCARD, the Norman, who attacked Rome as the soldier of Pope GREGORY VII. He made a breach in the wall, entered, and restored the banished PONTIFF, and set fire to the city from the Lateran to the Coliseum. But General OUDINOT has not yet got so far as GUISCARD; and there is a less fortunate omen for him in the example of the brave and reckless Constable of BOURBON, who led an army against Rome in the sixteenth century, and was killed on a ladder as he was scaling the walls.—These notable Frenchmen must divide with the Goths and the Vandals the disgrace of having converted the paintings, sculptures, monuments, and other historic treasures of ancient Rome, into a heap of ruins. But there was one point in which those enemies, and especially the barbarians of the fifth century differed from the modern assailants. They neither had nor profess